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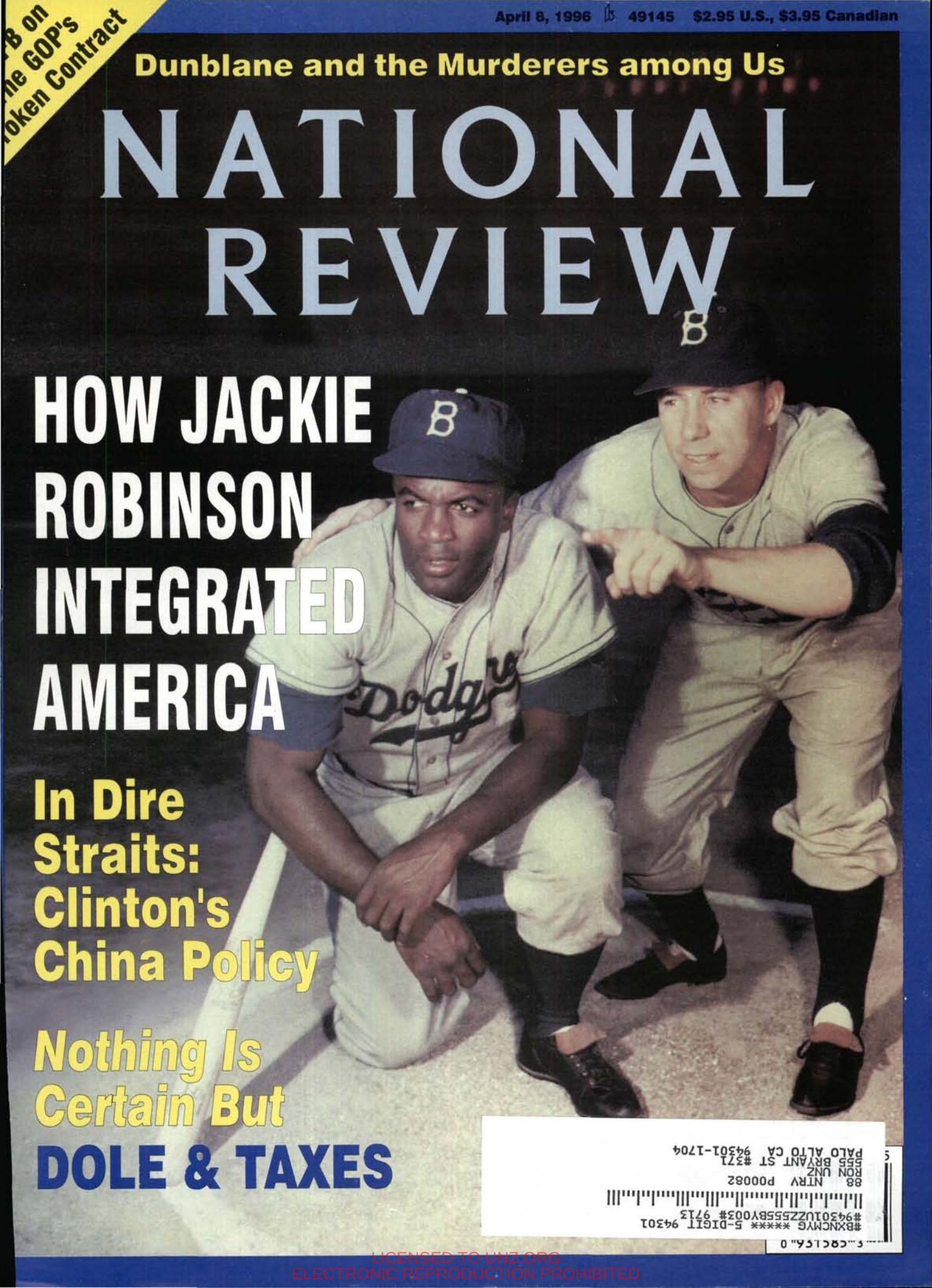

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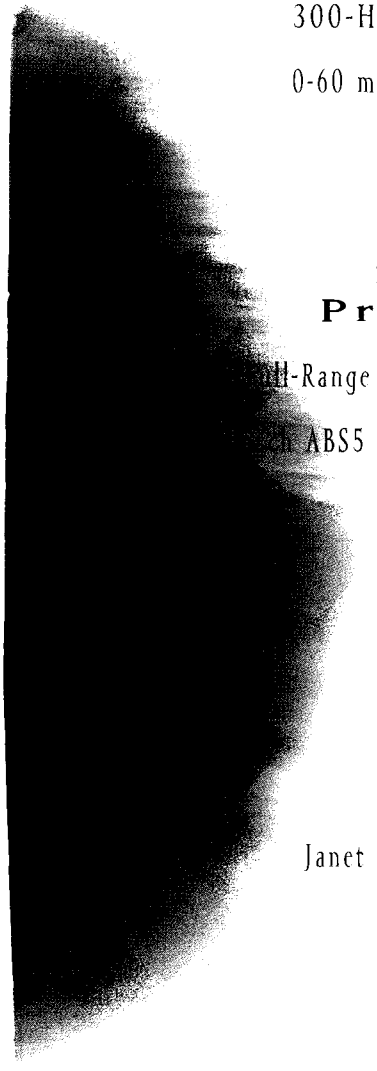

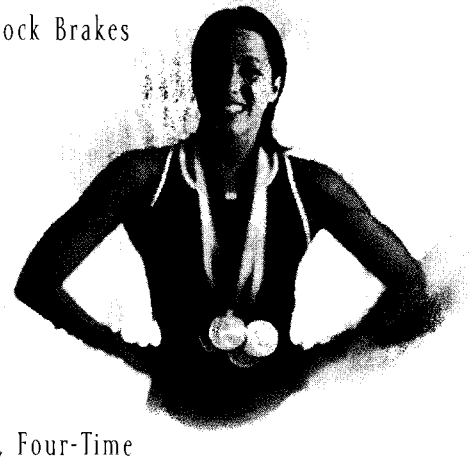

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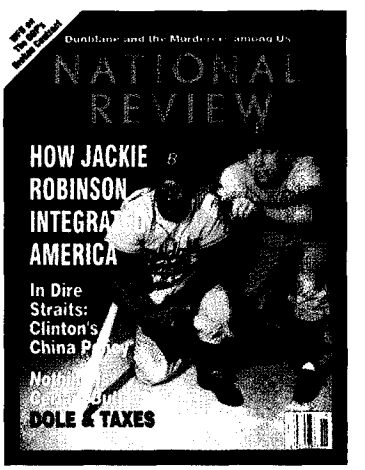

Cover photo by AP/Wide World Photos

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

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RATES: $57.00 a year (25 issues). Add $21.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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LETTERS

Of Commies and Gangsters

I was delighted to see Robert Stevenson's obscure *The Woman on Pier 13* (*I Married a Communist*) listed as one of Spencer Warren's "Your 100 Best Conservative Movies" [March 11]. Stevenson didn't graduate from Cambridge, but before leaving university to enter the British film industry, he was president of the Cambridge Union and was editor of *Granta*. In depicting party intellectuals, he knew what he was dealing with.

Recently, this film has gotten surprising critical attention, but not as a tight thriller from an overlooked director. Instead, it's treated as just an example of Howard Hughes's paranoia. The most obvious thing has been overlooked. Change the Commies to gangsters and the plot is almost the same as that of *On the Waterfront*, an allegory about testifying before HUAC, as that film's creators did. It's hard to believe that Elia Kazan and Budd Schulberg didn't see this before they made their legendary union-corruption film.

Norman Stewart
Hickory, N.C.

Keeping Check

"Rule by Law" [Feb. 26] by Robert P. George and Ramesh Ponnuru was a revelation. Discussion about the Constitution vaunts our Founding Fathers' prescience for instituting a series of checks and balances in our government. But for some reason we've had a blind spot when it comes to noticing the legislative check on the judicial.

Congress can do more than simply appoint Justices and hope they will judge rightly. Messrs. George and Ponnuru are correct in gently encouraging members of Congress to use this authority. Such action would be nearly without precedent, even though it is unambiguously written into Article III, Section 2. Each branch of government should be checked and balanced by the other two branches. Why should the judicial be an exception?

Patrick O'Neal
Millington, Tenn.

Duty to Live?

Dr. Kevorkian has just been tried once more under a Michigan statute. He was acquitted but will be tried again. Meanwhile, a West Coast federal court found state laws prohibiting assisted suicide unconstitutional. Kevorkian broke the Michigan law but was acquitted by the jury. Juries have the power, though not the authority, to nullify laws. If jurors use that power often we cease to have a government of laws. Therefore, I oppose jury nullification. But in this case I agree with the result and congratulate Dr. Kevorkian for the reasons detailed in my defense of assisted suicide, "Make Mine Hemlock" [*NR*, June 12, 1995]. The time has come to respond to the objections raised by many correspondents, and by Robert P. George and William C. Porth Jr. (hereinafter GP) in "Death, Be Not Proud" [*NR*, June 26, 1995].

GP assert that I "champion a right to demand medical assistance" in suicide which would become "the basis for a new medical entitlement" and for "some species of coercion to force dissenting physicians . . . to do what they may believe is morally wrong." But I advocate a precatory, not a mandatory alternative: that physicians be given the right—not the duty—to assist in suicide. Physicians would no more be forced than they are to perform plastic surgery. GP ask why physicians rather than morticians be authorized to assist in suicide. (Perhaps GP were not serious. But that may be suspected of most of their arguments.) Physicians know how to end life painlessly and have prognostic knowledge likely to be helpful in most cases. Morticians only deal with people already dead.

"Simply because government cannot prevent some people from transgressing its laws" by committing suicide, GP argue, "does not require it to assist others in doing so." No law is "transgressed" by suicide, since it is not illegal. Nor did I require the government (or anyone) to assist. I merely asked the government to stop making assistance by physicians a crime. Doing so discriminates against the disabled who need such assistance.

GP accuse me of denying "the legitimacy of legislating on the basis of religiously informed moral judgment." I think religiously informed motivation and moral judgment can be a legitimate basis for legislation. But in a secular society a secular justification is required as well. I did not find any for outlawing assisted suicide. GP argue throughout, as did most of my correspondents, as though I advocated suicide, which they oppose. This is an *ignoratio elenchi*. I regard ending one's life as a very private decision, but favor a legal right to do so and the physicians' right to assist.

Among many readers who wrote to me and *NR*, Judie Brown feels that if we were "to embrace them, to pray with them and to love them unconditionally," we might dissuade people from suicide. I admire her faith. Yet I feel that those who persist in requesting help to die should receive it. Larry Shull writes "only those who believe in God will find a valid reason to oppose suicide." I agree. But not everyone believes in God, and our society should not impose the views of believers on non-believers. Craig Hutzler thinks that I made "a complete argument and it stands up." He's brilliant. However, he accuses John O'Sullivan of "harboring Stone Age concepts." This is unfair. John's concepts belong squarely to the Bronze Age.

Let me turn to some major differences. GP endorse Thomas Jefferson's belief that it is "self-evident" that we have "unalienable rights" to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Self-evident, I suppose, means that Jefferson was deeply convinced, but had no other evidence. He knew, of course, that his "unalienable rights" often were alienated. But he thought they ought not to be and that they remain "unalienable" even when we are prevented from exercising them.

So far so good. But GP pervert "unalienable rights" by interpreting them to become indefeasible obligations. However, having an unalienable right to pursue happiness cannot mean that I must pursue it and not be allowed to refuse. My unalienable right to life cannot mean that I am compelled to live on pain of punishment. It means that I have a right to live, not a duty. GP make Jefferson's unalienable rights into indefeasible obligations by interpreting "unalienable" to mean that the rights holder cannot refuse to exercise his rights. However, neither Jefferson, nor any sane person, would impose a duty to pursue happiness, or to live, in the guise of making it an unalienable right. Rights are rights, not duties.

Even if "unalienable" were interpreted to mean "not renounceable," non-renounceability could mean no more than that any attempt at renunciation, by means of contract or declaration, could not be enforced, that the rights holder could exercise his right despite renunciation. But he still would not be compelled to exercise his rights to pursue happiness, or to live, if he does not want to.

GP feel that natural law prohibits suicide. Perhaps. Natural law is supposed to bind us all, but has this authority only in-

(Continues on page 64)

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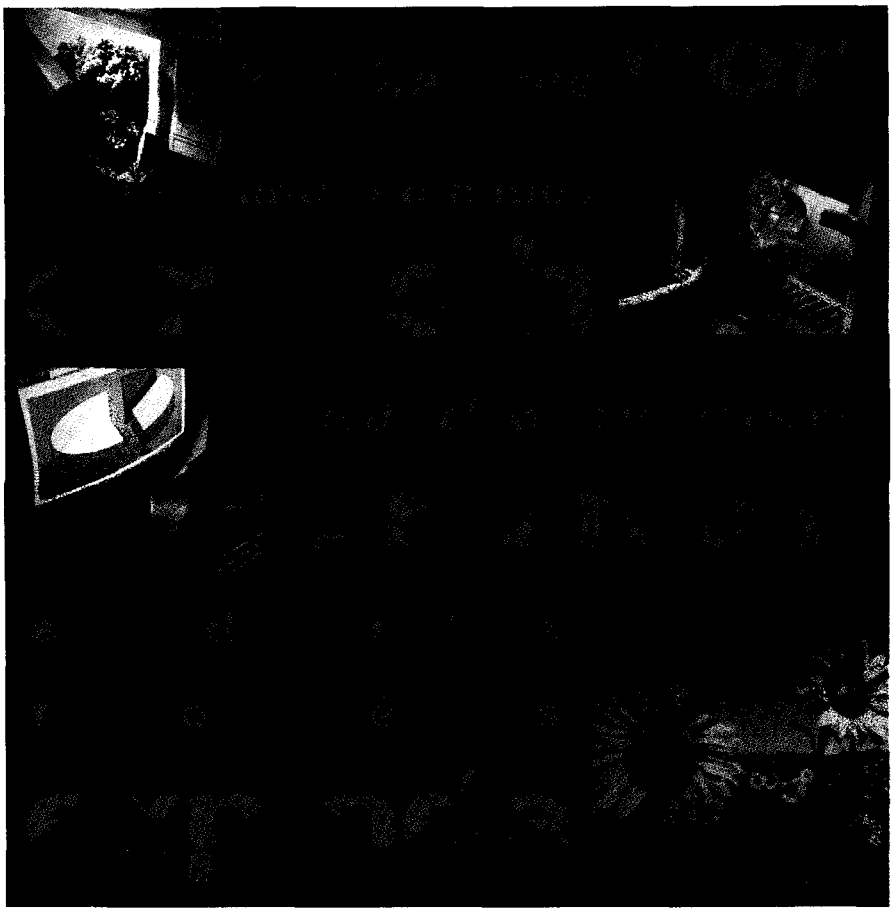

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FROM THE EDITOR

Republicans, American and Irish

■ As the election approaches, the GOP's conservatism is exhibiting a dangerous flaw: call it the passion deficit.

Republicans have issues, like deregulation, which most people mildly support. They have issues, like abortion and gun control, which fiercely arouse important minorities. But where are the GOP issues that galvanize most voters?

The Democrats can frighten voters galore by painting a gloomy picture of a Republican world without Medicare and Social Security. Republicans, however, seem to have high-mindedly decided not to exploit *their* powerful issues.

Race and gender quotas—the GOP's own "fairness issue"? On the back-burner. (See Kate O'Beirne, page 25.) Immigration reform? Here the GOP is split, with leading Republicans siding with corporate special interests against 70 per cent of Americans. (See Roy Beck, page 21). Making English the official language? Supported by the voters in an 80–20 split, embodied in legislation proposed by Rep. Peter King (R., N.Y.), but ignored by most Republican candidates and downplayed even by those, like Bob Dole, who endorse it.

You can't beat something with nothing—and pitting deregulation against the "GOP's War on Medicare" comes pretty close to futility.

■ Republicans give various reasons for this timidity. But they all boil down to an aversion from issues involving race, however tangentially and legitimately.

Given our present racial disharmony, prudence is certainly needed. But leaving in place policies that have helped produce such disharmony is hardly prudent.

Racial quotas, for instance, as well as being unjust in themselves, also serve to stigmatize black Americans, including high achievers, as people who need favoritism to make it.

That was once the standard view of white America. But as Steve Sailer's fine cover story tells, the rise of great black athletes like Jackie Robinson changed white America's mind.

Where before white Americans had seen their black fellow citizens as a race apart, they suddenly found themselves admiring, cheering, and emulating men like Robinson and Jesse Owens. (It did not hurt that these were men of impressive dignity and good manners.)

That laid the psychological groundwork for the civil-rights revolution—it is hard to deny rights to people you cheer weekly—and it was begun not by government, but by private bodies.

Indeed, it is the singular achievement of government to have seized the moment in 1965 when full legal equality was established between the races to begin setting them apart again with quotas and group privileges.

Quotas *are* racism—indeed, the only institutionalized racism left in America. Republicans should not shrink from overturning them simply because they might win votes by doing so.

■ St. Patrick's Day has come and gone, and so has Gerry Adams—less lionized than before but still popular. He was not invited to the White House this time, but he attended an Ireland Fund dinner at which Mrs. Clinton spoke, marched in New York's St. Patrick's Day parade (alas, alongside the otherwise estimable Rep. Peter King), and took communion from Cardinal O'Connor.

But how would our mayor, Rudy Giuliani, back from Jerusalem where he had advised skepticism about Yassir Arafat's condemnation of the Hammas bombings, treat Mr. Adams, who had refused to utter even a hypocritical criticism of the London bombings?

Unpleasantness—and principle—were avoided. He did not meet Mr. Adams, but defended his presence in the parade.

The best comment on all this was a photomontage in the British satirical mag *Private Eye*, showing Clinton and Adams exchanging words.

"I need the Irish vote," Mr. Clinton is explaining.

"I don't," replies Mr. Adams grimly.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

NATIONAL REVIEW

April 8 issue; printed March 20

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Circulation 212-679-7330
Circulation Director: Theresa Maloney
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World Wide Web http://www.nationalreview.com
Main Number 212-679-7330
Subscription Inquiries 815-734-1232
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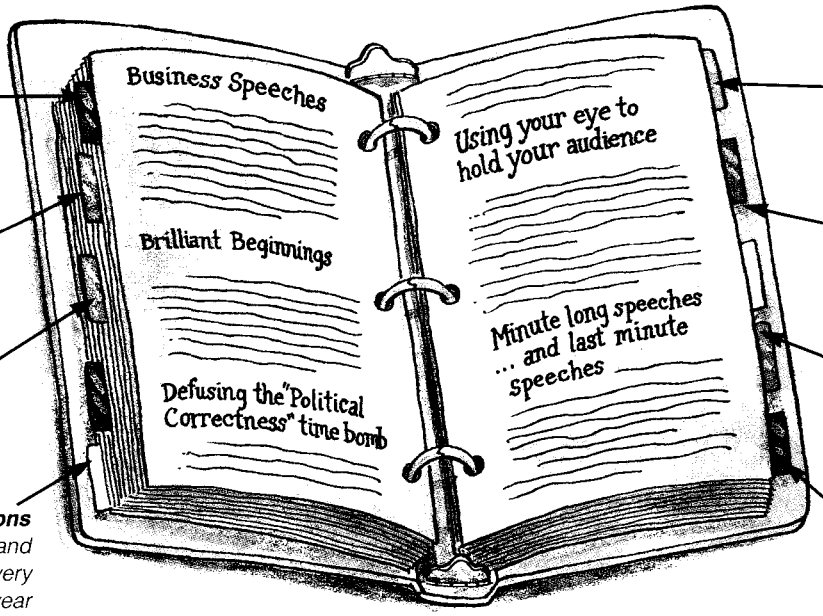
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FOR THE RECORD

■ As **Bob Dole**'s overwhelming lead in delegates leeches drama from presidential nomination contest, attention turns to possible vice-presidential picks. **Colin Powell** again enjoys a boomlet. **Pat Buchanan** warns Dole against choosing the pro-choicer: "Bob Dole is undefined and if he picks Colin Powell, it will define him that he's going to take the party in the direction of **Rockefeller** Republicanism and we're not going in that direction." Dole advisor (and American Conservative Union head) **David Keene** also sounds cautionary note: "Powell's supporters tend to diminish Dole in an extraordinary way because they argue that he can't win without Powell." In his book *Power, Pasta, and Politics*, current Powell-booster and national co-chairman of Dole campaign **Al D'Amato** criticized Powell over Persian Gulf crisis, gays in the military: "I wonder whether Colin Powell has either the courage or convictions needed to lead the country." The comment drew sharp response from Powell. . . . **Newt Gingrich**, urging Dole to pick a mainstream conservative, calls Michigan Governor **John Engler** and California Attorney General **Dan Lungren** "perfect examples of the kind of people who would be terrific." . . . **Arianna Huffington** floats House Budget Committee Chairman **John Kasich**, "who has the youth, the passion, and the ability to speak in ways that connect to people's lives." Also mentioned as possible Veep nominees: New Jersey Gov. **Christine Todd Whitman**, Ohio Gov. **George Voinovich**, Wisconsin Gov. **Tommy Thompson**.

■ Buchanan continues to fuel speculation he could bolt from the party after San Diego convention. **Bay Buchanan** says if Dole "were to take a pro-choice running-mate, I almost can guarantee a movement to a third party." . . . Dole gets advice on how to handle Buchanan. One Dole strategist calls Buchanan "our **Sister Souljah**." Says **Phil Gramm**: "I don't think losers can make demands." But Dole camp also wants Buchanan brigades' votes. Bay Buchanan says, "The ball is in his court. He has really done a personal assault against my brother that no one's seen in the last 25 years of politics. He has got to figure out his way of bringing Pat Buchanan and those people he represents home. That's his problem. I'm going to have a hard time helping him." . . . Newt Gingrich adds his two cents: "The longer Pat campaigns, the less effect he's going to have. He's made his point, people understand his message. Now it's time to be part of the team." . . . **Steve Forbes**'s exit from campaign—after winning 71 delegates at cost of roughly $400,000 each—came a week after endorsement by **Jack Kemp**, which led Gingrich to tell friends he never wanted to speak to Kemp again. . . . Calif. Gov. **Pete Wilson** tells *U.S. News* he'll try to to kill the GOP's anti-abortion platform plank. But Lungren, number two in state Dole operation, vows to preserve it. . . . **Bill Clinton** becomes the first full-term Democratic incumbent since **FDR** to win renomination without a fight. But Democratic strategists becoming less cocky about his chances of beating Dole. Says **James Carville**: "I've detected too much Democratic glee for my taste right now." . . . At meeting with television executives, Clinton confesses, "I'm someone who has a deep emotional attachment to *Starsky and Hutch*." . . . No-you-can't-copyright-a-proverb-*but* Dept.: A librarian brought to **Rush Limbaugh**'s attention a volume called *It Takes a Village*—by **Jane Cowen-Fletcher**, published in 1994.

"My wife's out of town for the weekend, so until Monday I'm deregulated."

■ Ignoring Taiwan Straits crisis, **Boris Yeltsin** plans April visit to Peking. Military analyst **Pavel Felgengauer** writes that while no strategic alliance is in the offing, "Russia will in any event be able to earn several billion dollars [from arms sales] and at the same time send a clear signal to the West that Moscow is not as isolated and weak as it seems." . . . **Andrei Glukho**, former Ukrainian Deputy Chief for nuclear safety, says new caches of nuclear materials left by Soviets keep turning up. Four cases of nuclear theft have been reported in countries of former Soviet Union. **Margaret Thatcher**, in Fulton speech, warns "if America and its allies cannot deal with the problem [of rogue states with nuclear warheads] directly by preemptive military means . . . the West must install effective ballistic-missile defenses." . . . German Socialist leader **Oskar Lafontaine** wants to end immigration of ex-Soviet Volga Germans, 3.5 million since 1950, because of drain on social welfare system as unemployment, now at 4.3 million, grows; polls say two-thirds of Germans support him. Labor Minister **Norbert Blüm**, meanwhile, says Germany has the youngest pensioners and the oldest students. University crisis grows with over 1.9 million registered students (average age 28), as against only 970,000 places. . . . **Magied al-Molqui**, terrorist who pushed **Leon Klinghoffer**'s wheelchair over the side during the taking of the *Achille Lauro*, goes into hiding while on a 12-day good-behavior pass from a Rome prison. U.S. offers $2 million reward for information leading to recapture. . . . Chinese Premier **Li Peng** urges switch to fruit liquors from traditional fiery grain alcohols to avoid wasting grain as imports soar. . . . European Trade Commissioner **Hans van den Broek** goes to Moscow to protest Russian restrictions on vodka imports.

■ Junior League gets its version of **Shannon Faulkner** as 46-year-old male California hairdresser petitions to join local chapter: "I believe in what they are doing. The only disagreement I have with them is they don't allow men to join. You're not going to change it overnight. But you have to start somewhere."

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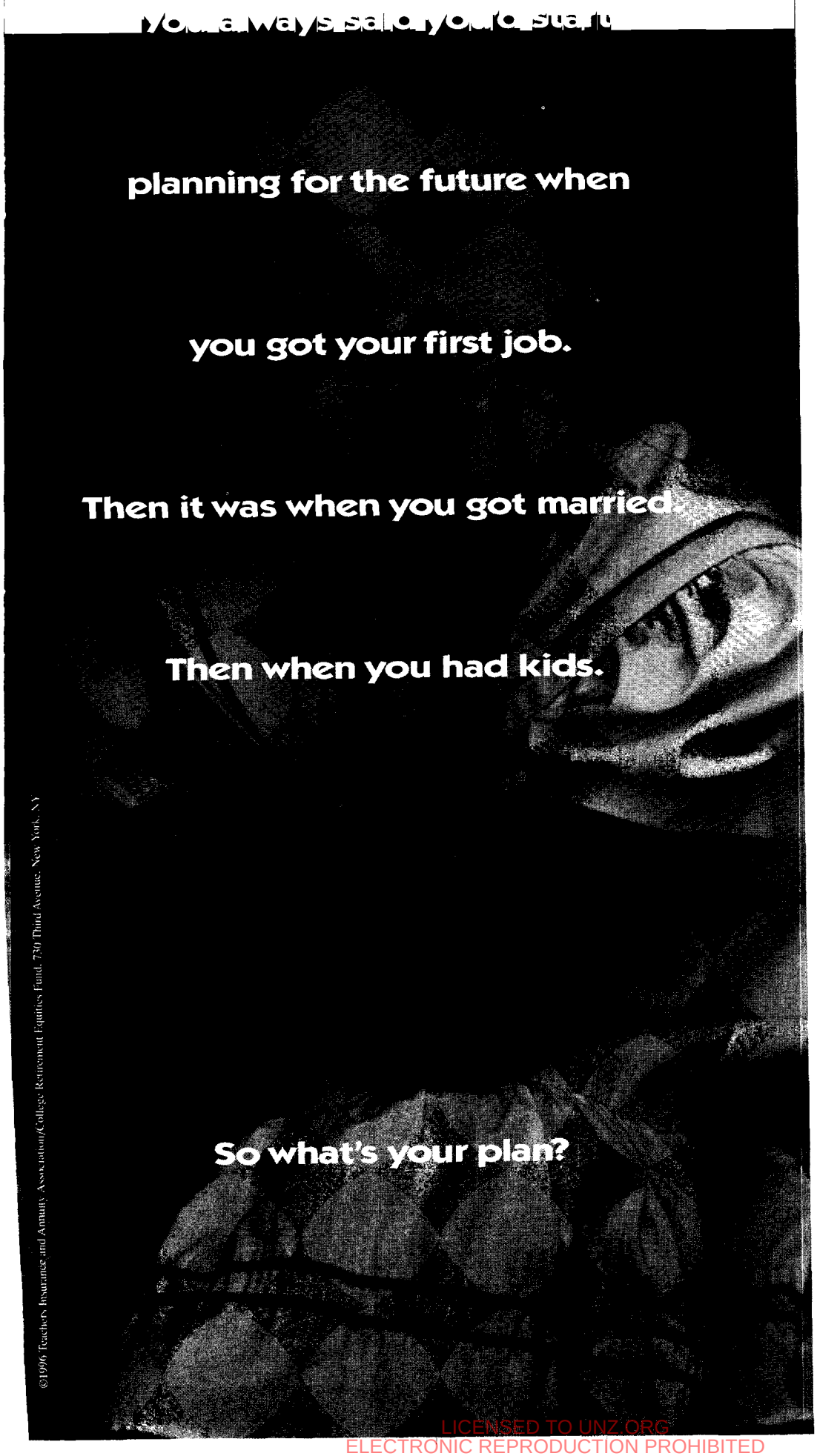
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Then it was when you got married.
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THE WEEK

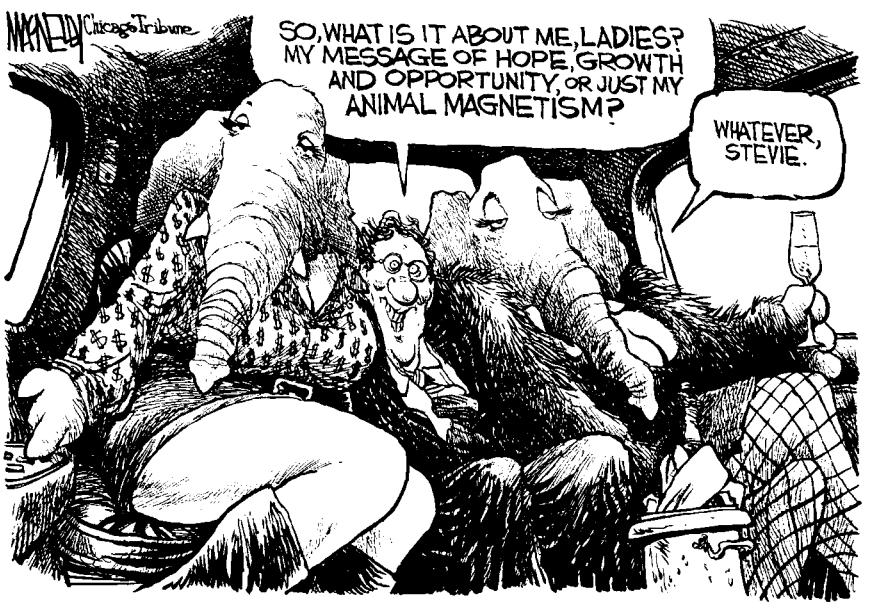
■ Secret-police files from the former East Germany were exhibited in Berlin, with twenty thousand people in attendance. It gives one hope that someday our children's children may view unshredded Whitewater files.

■ He came, he spent, he went. That is the Beltway wiseguy epitaph on the Steve Forbes campaign. But that shows you what wiseguys know. Mr. Forbes ran a campaign of good humor and principle, in the face of ruthless counterattacks from the Dole forces. Ultimately, he focused on a too-narrow range of issues. But his issues—economic optimism and a populist approach to tax cuts—will be essential to GOP victory in November. To make his case, he spent $25 million of his own money, which occasioned much hand-wringing. Another way to look at Forbes's campaign potlatch is that it costs that much to get neglected ideas through the fog of reporters' and politicians' indifference. (Pat Buchanan, the other high-profile outsider, profited from years of television and newspaper commentary.) A clever GOP establishment, having taken Mr. Forbes and Mr. Buchanan to the cleaners, would selectively steal their clothes.

■ Before the agony of last year's budget fight is fully over, along comes President Clinton's proposed 1997 budget. There's not much new: the same tepid tax cuts combined with lots of "loophole closers"; the same bogus, unspecified spending cuts set to take effect sometime after Clinton has ended his second term; the same very real spending increases today (both spending and the deficit would go up in 1997). In short, the latest Clinton budget is as craven a political document as the eight ones that preceded it in the last 12 months. The first thing Republicans should do in response is: Get over it! It should be clear by now that Clinton isn't going to cut a deal, nor is he going to play straight with his numbers. So, there need be no more talk from Republicans of government shutdowns, of defaults, of CBO scoring, of saving Medicare, of balance in 2002. (We hope Newt Gingrich is kidding when he talks of making his troops vote on another massive balanced-budget plan this spring.) Instead, Republicans should put the remnants of the fight over 1996 spending behind them as quickly as possible, and declare victory: thanks to their series of tight continuing resolutions, the deficit will indeed decline steeply this year. Republicans should restrain 1997 spending with another tight CR (avoiding fights over budgetary details) and then change the subject. Any budget talk should focus on tax cuts to counteract the effects of the Clinton Crunch, and on widely popular proposals like the Balanced Budget Amendment. The President has gotten a free ride for a year because he has been the only one playing politics on the budget. Last year the Republicans couldn't beat him; now it's time to join him.

■ Latest polls show that if the presidential election were held today, most Americans would be relieved.

■ House Judiciary Committee Chairman Henry Hyde is used to fighting attempts from the Left to water down crime bills. But when the House recently took up anti-terrorism legislation, it was conservative freshman Bob Barr (R., Ga.)—cheered on by the National Rifle Association—who led an effort to gut the bill, over the opposition of the likes of liberal Brooklyn Democrat Charles Schumer. What accounts for the strange turnabout? Hyde got part of the answer in the House cloakroom when one GOP colleague told him: "I trust Hamas more than my own government." After Waco and Ruby Ridge, a radical distrust of federal law enforcement, reminiscent of the New Left, has infected parts of the Right. There is ample reason to distrust centralized police power, and any abuse of it must be exposed and punished promptly, which famously did not occur with Ruby Ridge or Waco. But limitless distrust offends against both good sense and good politics. Rep. Barr worked successfully to strip from the anti-terrorism bill provisions that would have, among other things, allowed the expedited deportation of aliens linked to terrorism and permitted the Federal Government to designate foreign groups as terrorist and outlaw U.S. fund-raising for them. Idaho conservative Rep. Helen Chenoweth went further, co-sponsoring an amendment to scuttle habeas-corpus reforms long sought by Republicans, lest they be wielded against those "wrongfully prosecuted for exercising their constitutional right to


MARLETTE Chicago Tribune
SO, WHAT IS IT ABOUT ME, LADIES? MY MESSAGE OF HOPE, GROWTH AND OPPORTUNITY, OR JUST MY ANIMAL MAGNETISM?
WHATEVER, STEVIE.

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LOUIS ARMSTRONG

AND KING OLIVER. Included here are: *Just Gone; Canal Street Blues; Mandy Lee Blues; I'm Going Away to Wear You Off My Mind; Chimes Blues; Weather Bird Rag; Dipper Mouth Blues; Froggie Moore; Snake Rag; Alligator Hop; Zulu's Ball; Workingman's Blues; Krooked Blues; Mabel's Dream; Southern Stomp; Riverside Blues;* plus seven Red Onion Jazz Babies selections. Exciting sounds of a host of early jazz greats!

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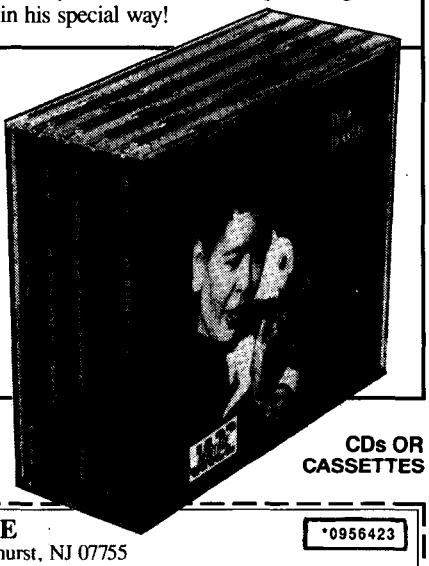
THE GREAT LONDON CONCERTS. Featuring greats like Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves, Cootie Williams, here are: *Take The A Train; Perdido; Caravan; Isfahan; The Opener; Harlem; Mood Indigo; C Jam Blues; Don't Get Around Much Anymore; Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue; Single Petal of a Rose; Kinda Dukish & Rockin' in Rhythm.* These recently discovered recordings derive from two London Performances in 1963 and 1964.



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keep and bear arms." Needless to say, the Clinton Administration was overjoyed with the newly soft-on- crime GOP. And it will be treated to more of the same until some House Republicans learn the difference between Hamas and the FBI.

■ To those who have been hoping there will be significant cuts in corporate welfare once Senator Ethanol steps down as Majority Leader, meet Senator Bilge-Pump. Trent Lott (Miss.), Mr. Dole's likely successor and the son of a shipyard pipefitter, is leading the effort to ram a ten-year extension of federal maritime subsidies through Congress. Although benefits to the shippers would be lower than in the past, the bill would still provide some $100 million annually in direct payments and continue to grant exclusive rights to $500 million in government contracts. Al Gore's government-waste committee recommended killing the subsidies in 1993, as did the House Budget Committee in 1994. Even the Pentagon, which once maintained that national security required a robust maritime industry, has backed off, citing the successful use of its own fleet and foreign firms during the Gulf War. By championing corporate welfare, Senator Lott lends credence to liberals who claim Congress is interested in slashing only the personal variety of welfare, and gives cover to Buchananites, who insist that government should spare domestic manufacturers from foreign competition. Tow the ten-year extension out into the Gulf of Mexico, and open the sea-cocks.

■ Washington, D.C., is considering an anti-begging ordinance. How would that affect Bob Dole's courtship of Colin Powell?

■ Is the era of strong economic growth over? Washington's latest buzz says so. Downsizing and global competition are not transitory phenomena. Neither is an aging population, and no one saves any more. History and circumstance, say the new pessimists, make the rising economic tide of the 1950s and 1960s unattainable in the 1990s. "It might be good for our politics if some candidate acknowledged this," says Bill Kristol. Good for politics, maybe, but bad for economics. We refer the depressed reader to Peter Brimelow's "It's the Taxes, Stupid," in the February 12 *Forbes*. Our economic funk, says Brimelow, is self-inflicted, by a government that extracts too much from its citizens. The evidence? Gerald Scully's econometric study of the entire period since World War II. Economic growth falters, Scully found, when the sum of federal, state, and local taxation exceeds 22.9 per cent of GDP—a level breached forty years ago. Had taxes remained at that level, today's GDP would be twice as high as it is—$15 trillion instead of $7.5 trillion. A typical family would have $100,000 more personal wealth. The kicker: Government would raise more revenue at the lower tax rate. And Bill Kristol would be peddling his (uncharacteristic) pessimism at a deep discount.

■ Just days after breaking ranks with other cigarette makers on a class-action suit aimed at the tobacco industry, the Liggett company agreed to compensate Florida, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Mississippi, and West Virginia for smoking-related Medicaid spending. Other tobacco makers are undoubtedly thinking of following Liggett's example. Listen up, you tobacco executives: Government should *reward* you, not fine you. Consider the recent National Bureau of Economic Research study by W. Kip Vicusi. The medical costs attributable to smoking come to 55 cents per pack, according to Vicusi. But smokers defray most of that with the 53-cent-per-pack cigarette tax already in place. Extra sick-leave costs are negligible—under 1 cent per pack—while health-insurance premiums rise 14 cents for every pack smoked. Smoking-related fires add less than 2 cents per pack in social costs. On the other hand, because smokers die sooner, they spend less time in nursing homes, saving 23 cents per pack. They collect less in Social Security and private pensions, saving $1.19 a pack. On the other hand, smokers' premature deaths deprive the rest of us of taxes they would have paid had they lived out their full span—about 40 cents per pack, in Vicusi's calculation. Net net, every pack consumed saves society 83 cents. That comes to $20 billion a year. So stay the course. And thank you for smoking.

■ Gerry Adams marched in the New York St. Patrick's Day Parade, though the Irish Lesbian and Gay Organization had to sit on the sidelines. Green gays will have more success if they set off some bombs in Belfast gay bars patronized by supporters of the Rev. Ian Paisley.

■ Stephen Hale, the County Attorney of Wise County, Texas (north of Fort Worth), has tried a new approach to misdemeanor marijuana-possession cases: he dismisses them. "As I see it, the possession of four ounces or less of marijuana is a victimless crime, and there's no point in tying up the system and ruining someone's life over it." Hale is up for re-election, and the local paper is unhappy with him. The real problem, though, isn't Hale, but lawmakers in Austin, and 49 other state capitals, and Wash-

Blood Sport

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—W. H. VON DREELE

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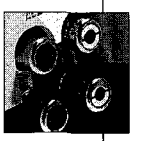

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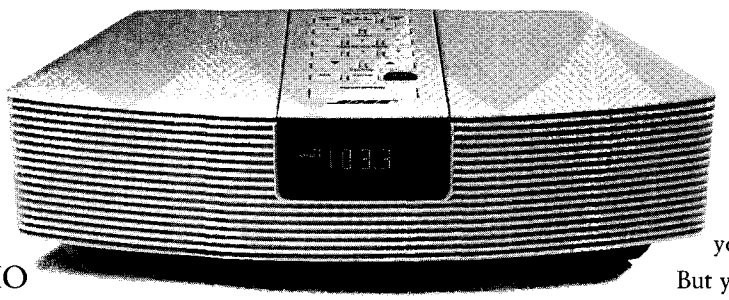

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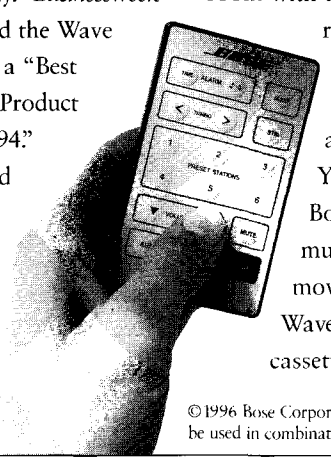

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ington, D.C., who don't see the issue with the same practicality and clarity.

■ Professor David McCloskey, an economist at the University of Iowa, announces that he has become Professor Diedre McCloskey. We look for new insight into the hemline theory of the stock market.

Bastards

ILLEGITIMACY is arguably America's greatest social problem. Yet nobody is willing to do anything about it. The welfare bureaucracy's historic response to public dissatisfaction has been to make window-dressing reforms that pose no threat to its power and, indeed, enhance it. The latest chapter of this dismal tale is the bipartisan welfare plan unanimously endorsed by the nation's governors. If congressional Republicans pass a bill modeled on it, as Newt Gingrich promises, they will be accomplices to a fraud.

The governors' interest in passage is simple enough: they want control over as much federal money as possible. Emblematic of the cynicism of their proposal are its provisions on work. The governors would subvert the required work-participation rates by counting everyone who leaves welfare for a job. In other words, routine caseload turnover would be treated as a major improvement—for which the governors could claim credit when running for re-election. Because of this and other loopholes, the Congressional Budget Office has concluded that there aren't really any work requirements in the plan. (The Democrats' welfare bill last year actually had much stronger ones.) Also a sham is the governors' proposal to turn Medicaid from an entitlement to a block grant; a large "guaranteed population" would retain entitlements to a long list of federally defined benefits. In order to deal with these mandated costs, the plan creates a new entitlement benefiting state governments.

The plan's defects are not matters of detail only: the governors have adopted the liberal vision of welfare reform. Their plan basically ignores illegitimacy. It refuses, for instance, to prohibit states from using federal money to increase welfare payments when recipients have additional children. If such a "family cap" were in place, a state could still vote to disregard it, but only after the governor and state legislators had debated illegitimacy. That's a debate the governors wish to avoid.

Instead, their plan focuses on facilitating employment for single mothers. So, states are rewarded when welfare recipients take jobs, but not when they leave the welfare rolls through marriage, or are discouraged from getting on them in the first place. Yet getting welfare recipients into jobs is the least effective way of reducing welfare dependency; indeed, rising job-placement figures are fully compatible with rising welfare rolls. It is also the way that least benefits children. But it is ideal for expanding state services: child-care subsidies, child-support enforcement, transportation assistance, job training. Overall, the reform is geared toward processing people through welfare, not keeping them off it.

If congressional Republicans let the liberal National Governors Association staff write the draft of their welfare bill, as they seem prepared to do, conservatives are unlikely to be able to fix it on the floor. The more likely outcome is a repeat of the fake reforms of 1988, with conservative rhetoric used to ratify the status quo. Once again, the GOP will be giving cover to legislation that Democrats could never pass on their own, and, once again, real reform will be put off for years. Sophomore Rep. Tim Hutchinson (Ark.) warns: "Five years from now, we'd look back and say conservative welfare reform has failed."

Curiously, the American Conservative Union has endorsed the governors' plan because "it is important for the GOP House to go on record supporting a proposal supported by all Democratic governors." Congressional Republicans are desperate to pass bills, no matter how watered down, in order to build a record of putative accomplishment for the fall. But they have passed real welfare reform already, twice, only to have President Clinton veto it. He should be held accountable for those vetoes in November, not given the opportunity to sign a weak bill and claim he has reformed welfare. The rush to pass the governors' welfare bill is the latest sign that the Republicans have no strategy for 1996.

The Vice Squad

THOSE inclined to doubt the importance of the vice-presidential nomination should remember George Bush, whose selection in 1980 eventually proved so baneful. The likelihood that a President Dole would serve only one term makes it even more crucial that his heir apparent be acceptable to conservatives. Whether Colin Powell meets that criterion is a moot point; he has ruled himself out of consideration, and Republicans should respect his decision. But he would deserve a senior position in Dole's Cabinet and may yet become a major asset to the Republican Party.

Of the available alternatives, several are disqualified by their support for abortion on demand. Both members of the ticket in 1992 opposed abortion; at a time when the influence of the Christian Right is increasing, pro-lifers should demand no less—especially given the suspicious enthusiasm for Dole on the part of many pro-choice Republicans. This consideration rules out Sen. Kay Bailey Hutchison (Tex.), Gov. Jim Edgar (Ill.), and Govs. Weld, Wilson, and Whitman (the last of whom has declared the anniversary of *Roe* v. *Wade* her state's "Day of Choice"). Ohio Gov. George Voinovich, who has made a career of raising taxes and annoying conservatives, is also unlikely to help Dole bring the party together. And it's hard to see what South Carolina's former Gov. Carroll Campbell

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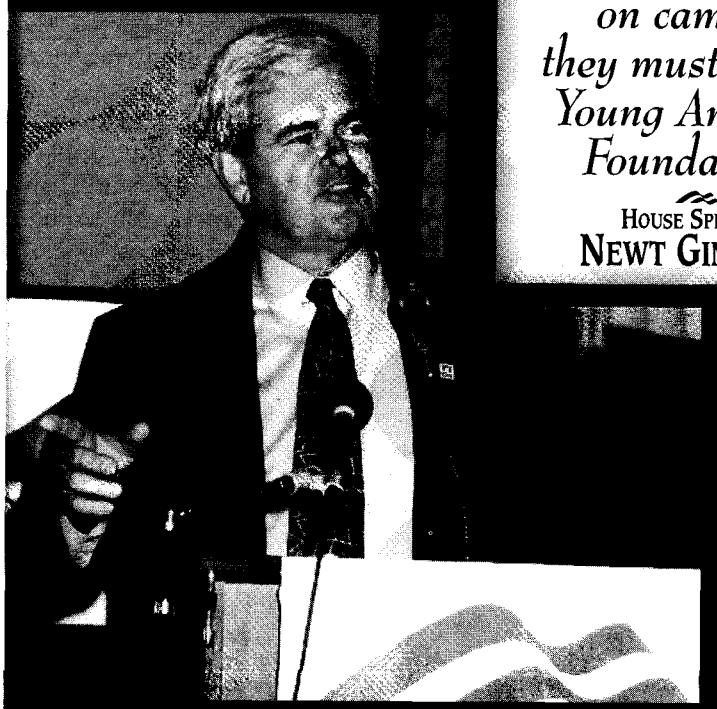

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would bring to the ticket: Bob Dole can already count on support from moderate Republican Beltway lobbyists, and from Southerners.

Of the governors under consideration, John Engler of Michigan enjoys the highest regard among conservatives. Some Republicans, it is true, worry that Engler would accentuate Dole's charisma problem: he is a man of substance rather than style. More troubling has been Gov. Engler's vociferous support for bogus welfare reforms (see "Bastards," above). Still, Engler would make a fine Vice President. Should Dole, however, elect to surprise his critics by making an unconventional choice, other conservatives should also be on his short list.

John Kasich, the House Budget Committee chairman, would be a youthful and energetic counterpoint to Dole. Sen. Connie Mack of Florida is an intelligent and forceful advocate of supply-side economics. While we have had recent differences with Bill Bennett, he is nationally known, highly articulate, and would excite grassroots conservatives whom Dole doesn't. Finally, there is Dan Lungren, the attorney general of California. Lungren is a strong conservative from a key state and has experience in both state and federal government (he was a congressman who struck fear into the hearts of liberals). He has had difficulties with gun-rights enthusiasts, but he should still be able to mend fences with them. And like Mack, Bennett, and Engler, Lungren is a Catholic—significant in a year when Catholics may be *the* swing constituency. Dole is probably wise enough to realize that his choice of running-mate will affect the November outcome only marginally. It could, however, determine the one in November of 2000.

Downsizing Anxiety

A SERIES of overwrought *New York Times* articles on "The Downsizing of America" frets that "when corporate executives pocket multimillion-dollar bonuses for driving up profits by slashing workers, some ask whether the pendulum [toward capitalism] has swung too far." *Newsweek* hung the portraits of four executives as "Corporate Killers" on a recent cover. Pat Buchanan, swinging from union hall to union hall, echoes the despair of the media elite.

Such pitchfork journalism invariably treats job insecurity and falling incomes as some sort of novelty, unrelated to economic growth. What is being artfully concealed is that the economy has performed quite poorly on Mr. Clinton's watch, far worse than during the much-maligned Reagan years. The economy grew by 3.9 per cent a year from 1983 to 1989, but by only 2.5 per cent per year since the end of the 1990–91 slump. Median family income rose by more than 12 per cent from 1982 to 1989, but fell by 5 per cent through 1994 and was no better than flat last year. Need we look any further for the true source of "economic anxiety"?

Yet facts are rare in "news" stories about layoffs driven by corporate greed. There are plenty of opinions and polls, but any references to reality seem incidental. A *BusinessWeek* cover story on "Economic Anxiety" says, "Real wages are almost stagnant—even as productivity climbs." Yet on another page we are told that "real hourly wages are rising for the first time in ten years." This is no more muddled than usual. As economist Alan Reynolds of the Hudson Institute documents in *Forbes Media Critic*, most news reports about wages over the past year have been full of errors and untruths.

Consider, for example, the oft-repeated claim that productivity and profits have been soaring as wages fell. *BusinessWeek* finally had to stop claiming that profits were up when its own survey showed profits down 6 per cent in the fourth quarter. In fact, profits of nonfinancial firms fell in all but one of the past four quarters.

What about the alleged discrepancy between productivity and pay? In 1992, productivity rose 3.2 per cent, and real hourly wages and benefits rose 2.1 per cent. Mr. Clinton called that year "the worst economy in fifty years." Since then, annual productivity gains have averaged only 0.5 per cent, and real wages have likewise stagnated. Over the 12 months ending in February, employment was up by merely 0.6 per cent. Mr. Clinton now calls this "the healthiest economy in thirty years." And the press goes along with the hoax.

Liberal journalists used to fear that big business was getting too big, gobbling up the little fish. In a sudden change of heart, they now complain whenever any giant corporation loses business to scrappy new competitors. AT&T now has to cope with cellular-phone companies. IBM has to contend with the likes of Packard Bell, Dell, and Gateway. GM and Ford are getting some healthy competition from a reborn Chrysler and from a dozen foreign brands now made in the United States. United Airlines has to worry about Valujet.

Any jobs lost from the downsizing of corporate elephants have been more than offset by the upsizing of upstarts. This is evident from the simple fact that unemployment, at 5.5 per cent, has rarely been lower. Moreover,

Desperate Measures

D'Amato is pimping for Powell.
Al comes from a liberal state;
His polls have been trolling the bottom,
And eels are a dish he can hate.
With Colin he'd swim at the surface
Among the more up-market sole,
So Al flashes pictures of Powell
While bumping and grinding at Dole.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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65	$ 2,145	$ 2,670	$ 3,452
70	$ 3,525	$ 4,895	$ 5,863
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fewer than half of the unemployed had lost their jobs (most either had quit or are newcomers to the workforce), and half find a job within eight weeks. Although downsizing stories often focus on white-collar unemployment, more than half of the few jobs added in recent years have been in professions and management.

The fact is that an unusually *small* number of people have been losing their jobs. The media's agitation about layoffs is so out of touch with reality, there must be an agenda at work. Aside from the need to distract attention from the failure of Clintonomics, another mission appears to be to make the U.S. more like Europe. The *New York Times* suggests "taking a page from other cultures that lay off workers only as a last resort." Yet, as John Laughland documents in this issue (p. 44), the fact that most European countries have done their best to make it extremely costly and cumbersome to lay people off has made employers extremely reluctant to hire anyone except those with many years of work experience and lofty academic credentials. Unemployment is over 11 per cent in Germany and France, higher still in Italy, Belgium, and Spain. In 1994, nearly 63 per cent of working-age people in America were at work, compared with 51 per cent in Germany, 49 per cent in France. It might, of course, be argued that Europe's idle young people are at least spared any anxieties about downsizing and layoffs. After all, those who cannot get jobs cannot lose them.

Hidden Hate Crime

DOES the panoply of civil rights, supposedly enjoyed by Americans of all races, include the right to be accused of hate crimes?

The very term "hate crime" connotes hatred in one direction: crimes enflamed by white bigotry against blacks, or other minorities. Yet crimes stimulated by black hatred of whites are at least equally common. Indeed, statistics show that the majority of interracial crimes are committed by blacks against whites. When such crimes display a manifest racial angle, the police and the media often seek to conceal the fact. When Yankel Rosenbaum, a Hasidic seminarian, was stabbed during a race riot in Crown Heights by a black mob shouting, "Kill the Jew," it was several days before official New York acknowledged the crime to be ethnic. *Heterodoxy* magazine has a horrifying account of how Melissa McLauchlin, a young white woman living in Charleston, South Carolina, was raped and murdered by five black men who wanted to "get a white girl" in revenge for "four hundred [*sic*] years of oppression." Yet local police at first sought other motivations, on the grounds that "we have to be responsible to the community and the people we protect." Sometimes the racist angle is inescapable, as when Michael Westerman, a young white man in Tennessee, was shot dead by a party of young blacks angry that his pickup truck was flying a Confederate flag.

Black hate crimes are the politics of grievance gone mad. The "four hundred years of oppression" undergone by blacks in this country, give or take a century, is an article of faith among the Farrakhans of the world, but it is preached by "mainstream" multiculturalists as well. And if the oppression has been so bitter, and there is no end in sight, then rage is the proper reaction. The mainstream does not—yet—encourage individual acts of racial retribution, though semi-wistful accounts of them have become a part of the coming-of-age narratives of angry black writers: Nathan McCall of the *Washington Post*, in his memoir *Makes Me Wanna Holler*, recalls beating up a white boy, an act of "random rage" that still "makes perfect sense" to him. (The man who pulled the trigger on Westerman, interestingly, read McCall in prison as he awaited trial.)

Liberals should repent inventing the "hate crime" as a category and opening up the whole cycle of grievance. The vogue of Confederate-flag-waving, stimulated by Westerman's murder, celebrates modern white rage as well as nineteenth-century battlefield heroics. If America ever becomes an angry tribal nation, Balkan- or African-style, black Americans will be the losers. To prevent that from beginning to happen, the media should cool the oppression talk, and law enforcement should concentrate in all cases on what criminals do to their victims, not why.

Thanatopsis

IN DETROIT last week, 12 jurors acquitted Dr. Jack Kevorkian on charges of assisting in a suicide. In San Francisco, 8 of 11 judges on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit ruled that terminally ill patients have a constitutional right, not only to kill themselves, but to have the help of a physician in doing so. And in New York City, Ernest van den Haag wrote a letter (see p. 4) defending the position he took in a debate on assisted suicide published in *NR* last June.

What Now, Talleyrand?

The Chinese toy with D-Day.
The Russians dig up Joe.
The Serbs behave like Bowie
Inside the Alamo.
Iran's a retrovirus.
Hamas still eyes the bus.
At night up with the Mrs.,
The help can hear him cuss.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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It would be unwise to dismiss the Kevorkian verdict as a mere aberration, since, over the course of multiple legal proceedings, it is proving very hard to bring "Dr. Death" to justice. The likeliest explanation is not that judges and jurors admire Dr. Kevorkian or even that they disagree in principle with laws against assisted suicide. Rather, we suspect that he has escaped punishment largely because of an understandable but unrooted sympathy for the plight of the sick and weary patient who has chosen to bring about his own death. If a right to physician-assisted suicide becomes widely recognized in this country it will be because of just such a misguided emotional reaction, which mistakes a pitiable and even pardonable weakness for the exercise of a legitimate right.

The motivation of the Ninth Circuit's majority does not seem abstruse. This decision is cut from the same cloth as *Roe* v. *Wade*. Not only does it cite *Roe* repeatedly as precedent; it makes use of the same kind of distorted historical analysis, and it purports to discover a hitherto unknown constitutional right, in a realm that has traditionally been reserved to the states. Even here, though, in their graphic accounts of the tragic circumstances of several *un*assisted suicides, the judges seem both motivated by, and willing to exploit, the pull of emotion.

The reflections of Ernest van den Haag are certainly less emotional than the court cases, and they will have less public impact, but they are the more immediate responsibility of *NR*. We published Professor van den Haag's initial argument for a right to assisted suicide in our June 12 issue last year; then, in the June 26 issue, a rebuttal essay by Professor Robert George and William Porth; and now Professor van den Haag's letter. At this point, we feel compelled to bring this debate, though sadly not its deadly serious subject, to a close.

The only basis van den Haag asserted for the "moral claim" to commit suicide is a person's "ownership" of his body. However, he offered no reason for concluding that such ownership exists, having rejected both God and natural law as a source of an ownership claim, and now taking the position that his convictions are neither self-evident nor demonstrable. That pretty well removes them from the realm of debate.

Indeed, Professor van den Haag states that there are no *inherent* rights, only moral "claims" based solely on needs and desires, and that positive law alone can choose among competing claims and give rise to "rights." Logic compels the hellish conclusion: If there are no inherent rights to life or liberty, positive law alone will decide whether the Nazi has a right to kill the Jew or the Jew has a right not to be killed, whether the Sudanese slave trader has the right to press a black Christian into servitude or the black Christian has the right to be free. History shows us the grave consequences of relying on positive law, unconstrained by natural law, to reach the right decisions.

The basic inalienable rights of human beings must always be the cornerstone of any just society. Their existence is indeed self-evident, self-evidence being the precise philosophical concept for propositions which are known to be true but cannot be deduced or derived through a middle term. The inalienability of such rights means that they cannot legitimately be renounced and thus that there are natural restraints on their being exercised in self-defeating ways. Thus the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness cannot legitimately be used to commit suicide, to sell oneself into slavery, or to maim one's body or destroy one's mind.

The self-evidence of the inalienable right to life is the basis for the philosophical argument that suicide is illegitimate. That proposition can certainly have a religious grounding, but it has no need of one. It is accessible by means of practical reasoning *without* the benefit of revelation. It is implicit, for example, in Kant's categorical imperative that one should "treat humanity, whether in

The Week in Verse

At last the winter's frozen grip relaxes—
And *Clinton*'s balanced budget will cut taxes!
This warms us like the spring's reviving sun:
Of fiscal prudence he's the champion
And scolds *Republicans* as people who
Would keep him from the—now—"right thing to do."
But all the same, we doubt that he will cry
To see his balanc'd books fall off and die.
Enough for him that he can thus rebut
The GOP by off'ring a tax cut
He's no intention ever to make law
And cuts that bleed when he's in *Arkansas*.

As grass and trees and *Pat* come out in green
They greet the triumph of the *Dole* machine
In polling from *Miami* to *Eau Claire*,
Though few his partisans who seem to care:
Ev'n tightly wrapped fanatics seem resign'd
To vote for *Bob* and let themselves unwind.
Not that his troubles now are at an end;
Of fences there are yet a few to mend.
Buchanan still will not throw in the towel,
Nor can he get his calls return'd by *Powell*;
His staff grow cross-ey'd trying to figure which
Of *Engler*, *Edgar*, *Thompson*, *Voinovich*
As running-mates make *Democratic* voters switch.

Like budget ills, a terrorist outbreak
In Israel, *Bill* quell'd at *Sharm El-Sheikh*.
By fiat thus the world solves all its woes
As, God-like, politicians may dispose.
So no more guns or gunmen, they ordain,
And—poof!—they're gone, just as in poor *Dunblane*.
Is not *Democracy* a wondrous thing?
Who'd watch the *Windsors* and prefer a king?
Our leaders speak and conjure, if you please,
The end of madness, deficits, disease—
Although they keep the *Nimitz* for the fierce *Chinese*.

—Juvenal

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the person of oneself or another, always as an end and never as a means only." Recognizing a right of assisted suicide, as George and Porth observed, "diminishes the humanity of both patients and doctors: the former by treating their lives as disposable things; the latter, by treating them as mere instruments to carry out the wishes of their patients."

Recent legal judgments, however, draw our attention back from philosophy to prudential concerns. Van den Haag spent much of his original piece discounting such prudential concerns as are occasioned by the prospect of physician-assisted suicide. George and Porth devoted about as much space to explaining why they found van den Haag's optimism unconvincing. Their cogent warnings seem far more persuasive than van den Haag's bland reassurances, in the light of the cautionary example of the Netherlands, which embarked upon a course of strictly circumscribed physician-assisted suicide and proceeded with frightening speed to a regime in which non-consensual euthanasia is by no means uncommon. In this regard, we emphatically endorse their suggestion that, even if assisted suicide is allowed, it *not* be made the province of doctors. Doctors should no more be asked to administer lethal doses to suicides than to criminals sentenced to be executed. Such a negation of the healing arts and violation of the Hippocratic Oath would be directly contrary to and corrupting of the doctor's mission. Hence even the American Medical Association opposes physician-assisted suicide.

Whether the debate on assisted suicide occurs primarily in the judicial or the legislative arena, if it is not driven by moral reasoning, it will surely be lost. Emotion, the chief tactic of persuasion of its advocates, is a perilous guide in such matters. As Flannery O'Connor reminds us: "When tenderness is detached from the source of tenderness, its logical outcome is terror. It ends in forced-labor camps and in the fumes of the gas chamber."

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

If English were the official language of our country, much of the gibberish that is spoken in Washington would not be legal unless the English dictionary were revised as follows:

balanced budget *n.* confusing term; often interpreted in the same sense as "balanced diet" or "balancing act." (*archaic*) balance between income and spending.

cut *n.* any *increase* which is less than you asked for.

deep cut *n.* any *increase* which is less than three times the rate of inflation.

deep and unconscionable cut *n.* any *increase* which is less than the President asked for.

gouge *v.* to make a vicious, unconscionable, deep cut as defined above.

eviscerate *v.* same as *gouge*; favored by liberals who are closet admirers of William F. Buckley Jr.

actual cut *n.* this term, meaning a reduction from previous spending, is almost unknown and, until recently, has not been used for more than thirty years.

principles *n. pl.* 1. opinions for which you are prepared to be stubborn. 2. opinions which are popular with the electorate.

the rich *n.* (*obscene*) greedy folk who got their money by taking it away from those on welfare.

tax break *n.* relief from a small portion of the previous tax increases.

negotiation *n.* idle exercise between opposing parties for the purpose of setting a backdrop for posturing.

protect *v.* throw money at.

change *n.* "business as usual" in disguise.

defining moment *n.* time when the other side is about to make a colossal mistake.

mean-spirited *adj.* describing anyone advocating reform or change from the status quo.

This is only a partial list. Perhaps with further research a complete list of terms could be compiled and (with the aid of your considerable influence) be included in the next editions of the various dictionaries of the English language. This would do much to legitimize the language spoken by our highest institutions.

Sincerely,
George W. Hostetler
Upland, Calif.

Dear Mr. Hostetler: You have a true ear for the inchoate meaning of words carelessly used. I'll forward your list to American Heritage, Webster, Oxford et al. Cordially,
WFB

■ Mr. Buckley:

You have said, "The Fourteenth Amendment, guaranteeing equal treatment, and the Sixteenth, authorizing a progressive income tax, are irreconcilable." Perhaps not.

The Fourteenth says, "nor shall any *State* . . . deny . . . the equal protection of the laws." It would seem that our only protection from *federal* arbitrariness, such as progressive taxation, lies in the Fifth, "nor be deprived of . . . property without due process of law," and the Fifteenth, "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of . . . previous condition of servitude." Are not marginal tax brackets just increasing conditions of servitude—demanding ever more of our "best efforts," albeit denominated monetarily?

Truly,
L. F. Sorrels Jr.
Richlands, N.C.

Dear Mr. Sorrels: It is generally accepted that what the Constitution forbids the several states to do, it forbids itself to do. On the Fifteenth Amendment you have a nice point, but don't try to fly with it. Cordially, —**WFB**

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CAPITAL SCENE

Republicans against Reform

ROY BECK

Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.

AFTER sustained and massive lobbying by some of the biggest names in corporate America, Republicans on the Senate Judiciary Committee voted 6 to 4 on March 14 to split the omnibus immigration bill.

Hailed by the *Washington Post* as a "victory for the U.S. business community," the action separated the proposals of Sen. Alan Simpson (R., Wyo.) for controlling illegal immigration from his proposals to cut back legal admissions. Although the action theoretically did not prevent the Senate from later considering those reductions, statements of the Republicans who voted to split the bill made it clear to most analysts that the purpose was to kill all efforts to reduce the current unprecedented level of legal immigration.

Corporate lobbyists and their clients had much to celebrate. "By splitting the measures into two bills, lawmakers can now vote to crack down on illegal immigrants without restricting the highly skilled foreign workers who help create more jobs for all Americans," said Paul Huard of the National Association of Manufacturers. High-profile technology giants such as Bill Gates of Microsoft and Ken Alvarez of Sun Microsystems had made rather direct threats that they might move more of their operations out of the country if the alternative was relying on American workers.

The lobbyists already had persuaded a House committee to remove restraints on skilled immigration from the bill of Rep. Lamar Smith (R., Tex.). But the senators went further, also retreating from efforts to stop the family chain migration that is the primary reason why legal immigration has quintupled since 1965.

That was especially good news to the coalition of ethnic-rights organizations that form the National Immigration Forum. "A year ago, it looked like measures to cut legal immigration by about one-third were politically inevitable," said Frank Sharry, the executive director. "This vote shows there is tremendous and growing opposition to cutting legal immigration." In fact, though, the only growing opposition appears to be among Republican members of Congress.

No policy has more clearly exemplified the arrogance of Washington toward the American people than that of allowing legal immigration to rise continuously even though every poll since 1976 has shown that a majority of Americans desire to cut admissions. In fact, until three years ago, not a single member of Congress would even introduce legislation proposing cuts. But then the Republican takeover in 1994 brought two supporters of immigration reform, Sen. Simpson and Rep. Smith, into the chairmanships of key subcommittees. Both moved quickly to offer what the public thought it had voted for—change.

But in the Senate Judiciary Committee on March 14, six Republican senators (with help from cheerleaders Jack Kemp and William Bennett) sent an unmistakable message that a Republican Congress will continue thwarting the people's will on immigration—and will do so on behalf of special business interests. For the record, the six are Spencer Abraham of Michigan, Mike DeWine of Ohio, Orrin Hatch of Utah, Fred Thompson of Tennessee, Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, and Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania.

The cuts that the corporate lobbyists and their congressional acolytes have fumed against are scarcely draconian: they would have reduced legal immigration from more than 800,000 a year to a little less than 600,000, and that only after several years.

The Republicans opposing that modest trim are standing terribly alone in the court of public opinion. A recent Roper poll found that only 6 per cent of all Americans want more than 600,000 immigrants a year. (In sync with the public but on the losing side in the 12 to 6 Judiciary Committee vote were Republicans Simpson, Hank Brown of Colorado, Charles Grassley of Iowa, and Jon Kyl of Arizona, and Democrats Diane Feinstein of California and Howell Heflin of Alabama.)

Roper also found that 70 per cent of all Americans said they preferred immigration levels ranging from zero to 300,000—which is less than half the level causing such consternation among the corporationist Republicans. (For comparison's sake, America's long-term immigration tradition before Congress changed the law in 1965 was a little over 200,000 a year; the figure had been 178,000 a year during the forty years preceding 1965.)

THE way so many of their colleagues have treated Simpson and Smith is even more inexplicable when one looks at the grassroots leaders of the Republican Party. By a margin of 5 to 1, they oppose current levels of immigration, according to a survey of 134,000 local Republican leaders conducted by the Republican National Committee. And the Roper survey found that among all Americans who identify themselves as Republicans,

Mr. Beck is the author of the just-released The Case against Immigration: The Moral, Economic, Social, and Environmental Reasons for Reducing U.S. Immigration Back to Traditional Levels *(Norton).*

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sentiment against the current immigration level runs 20 to 1.

The Republicans opposing immigration reform are not impressing even the wealthy Americans who Harvard economist George Borjas says benefit the most from high immigration. The Roper survey found that among the most affluent category of Americans, only 11 per cent favored immigration levels above 300,000.

THE anti-reform Republicans are most firmly opposed to cutting skilled immigration. They seem to believe that our economy will atrophy if we can't import 140,000 foreign workers a year to fill skilled-job slots. Never mind that those bright immigrants are much more needed by their home countries to improve the lives of the impoverished people left behind. Never mind that we did fine with only a fraction of that number in previous years, and that as recently as 1990 the law admitted only 54,000. Never mind that tens of thousands of unemployed and underemployed American engineers, computer programmers, scientists, and physicians find it unfathomable that their government would import additional workers into their overcrowded fields.

Those American professionals are getting a sympathetic hearing from the Democratic side. Sen. Edward Kennedy and the Clinton Administration have called for a restoration of the cuts in skilled immigration to fight job displacement and wage depression. The anti-reform Republicans have so damaged the efforts of Simpson and Smith that they have left an incredibly wide opening for the Democrats to become the party that hears Americans' concerns.

But the Republicans may well be rescued from their blundering by the Democrats' own ineptitude. While the old party of labor expresses great concern about unfair job competition from foreign workers, most of its members insist on protecting chain migration of extended families. The 1965 law created a system of nepotism that gives certain priorities to immigrants' relatives, including adult children, parents, and siblings. Those hundreds of thousands of relatives are the primary source of low-skilled immigration that, the U.S. Labor Department has concluded, caused half the wage depression for less-educated Americans during the 1980s. And it is the family chains that have enticed entire industries to reshape their workforce and offer far less attractive wages, benefits, and working conditions.

Many of the anti-reform Republicans —especially Sen. Abraham, who has made himself something of a spokesman for the group—have matched the anti-reform Democrats in their zeal to pander to ethnic organizations by keeping the chains going. "Our commitment to the institution of the family demands that we allow family members to be reunited," said freshman Abraham, coauthor of a manifesto for high immigration published in the *Wall Street Journal*.

In fact, nobody has proposed restricting the flow of dependent children and spouses. Abraham and others forget that the recent immigrants are now separated from adult brothers, sisters, parents, and children because the *immigrants* decided to move away from *them*. Except for the tiny percentage of newcomers who are legitimate refugees, any immigrant who wants to live near adult relatives who are still in the home country is perfectly free to move back. Indeed, polls have shown that immigrant Americans tend to agree with other Americans that it is not good to continue bringing in an endless stream of foreign workers to compete with America's most vulnerable workers, including many of the recent immigrants themselves.

The anti-reformers bear the burden of explaining what national need for radically high levels of immigration is so urgent and compelling that it justifies continuing to ignore the wishes of nearly every segment of the population.

Great political rewards are waiting for the party that first throws its weight behind the public's desire for a return to a traditional volume of immigration. In their battle to block such a return, many Republicans are endangering the populist image of their party that was precisely what led the public to make them the governing party on Capitol Hill. □

All about Bob

RICH LOWRY

WASHINGTON, D.C.

IN 1978 Bob Dole hired Bob Lighthizer as chief Republican counsel to the Senate Finance Committee. When the GOP won the Senate two years later, Lighthizer took over as the committee's staff director and chief counsel, 33 years old and in a hurry. "When I first knew Bob he used to chew tobacco and had a spittoon under his desk," says Claud Gingrich, then a Finance Committee colleague. "He's a lot more mellow now. People can't believe that." In 1983 he became Deputy U.S. Trade Representative and brought his bare-knuckled negotiating skills to bear in getting foreign countries to agree to tough steel-import quotas meant to protect domestic producers. Soon, he had shot through the revolving door to become, in private practice, a top-notch lawyer for those same U.S. steel producers, an informal Dole advisor, and an all-around Washington Mr. Fix-It.

Lighthizer sits on the advisory board of the Economic Strategy Institute, a protectionist outfit, and recently told the *Wall Street Journal* that he would "slash the 'free' out of free trade and say trade is an expedient." So, is he a protectionist? "I don't think that really adequately captures, frankly, the opportunism of his positions," says one Washington-based trade lawyer. "I think Bob is a pragmatic person when it comes to trade, and what tends to dictate his positions is what clients he has. And what he thinks is politically smart from a Dole point of view." Or as another Washington insider recently told *National Journal*: "[H]e struck me as the first USTR person who had almost no ideological predispositions."

The label for Bob Lighthizer isn't free-trader or protectionist, but Dole man. His is almost the ideal profile of a Dolenik: he's a long-time loyalist; he served on behalf of Dole in the Senate; he has a murky ideology that can take a back seat to the exigencies of politics and business; and he's smart, hypercompetent, and adept at working the corridors of Washington power. One long time Dole advisor opines that what "you're going to get out of a Dole

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s national political reporter.*

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Orthodox Catholics: DON'T DESPAIR!

Anne Roche Muggeridge, daughter-in-law of convert Malcolm Muggeridge, has said in her recent book, *The Desolate City: Revolution in the Catholic Church* (Harper & Row): "Because the integrity of its message has been betrayed, the Catholic Church is in ruins. Yet even now there are converts, of exceptionally high quality, and their number is increasing with the tenure of the present Pope. Catholics watched with a mixture of pity and amusement as the excellent Anglo-Catholic *New Oxford Review* argued and agonized itself into the [Roman] Catholic Church. I know a substantial number of recent converts like this and am much edified by their purity and ardour. Seven of them are my godchildren, and I must confess that some of us, to our shame, earnestly tried to delay them, on the grounds of the growing disorder in the Catholic Church. They forced their way past us anyway, thank God. They come because at the highest level of Catholic teaching, the doctrine of the faith, though much embattled, remains uncompromised and is as fearlessly proclaimed by John Paul II as by Peter, Paul, Ignatius, or Augustine. These new Catholics and the extraordinary Pope to whom they belong are a very present comfort when one is tempted to despair."

Over the last quarter century, the number of converts to Roman Catholicism slowed to a trickle. But now, a new wave of converts is entering the Church. What's more, contrary to the shibboleth that Catholicism is a superstitious religion for the ignorant, an unusually high proportion of the new Catholics consists of writers and intellectuals. Among them, it may be hoped, is another Chesterton, another Maritain, another Newman, another Ronald Knox, another Dorothy Day, another Gerard Manley Hopkins, another Edith Stein – converts all.

The new converts are not attracted to the diluted Catholicism of the Hans Kungs, the Charles Currans, or those who sign ads favoring legal abortion. No, they are attracted by the Catholicism of the ages, the Magisterium, and the inspiring leadership of the current Pope.

The forum for the new generation of converts is the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a monthly magazine that takes its name from the 19th-century Oxford Movement in England. Today there is a new Oxford Movement afoot in America. Among the converts to Roman Catholicism who have written for the REVIEW are Sheldon Vanauken, John C. Cort, Walker Percy, L. Brent Bozell, Avery Dulles, and Peter Kreeft. But the REVIEW isn't just for converts. Most of our writers are cradle Catholics and a significant minority belongs to various other churches. Amazingly, while the REVIEW is a lightning rod for "papist" pilgrims, it is also ecumenical in spirit. And we cover the full range of issues of concern to today's reflective and believing Christians, including the quest for a more just and compassionate society.

If you want to recapture the excitement of when you first really believed, if you feel inundated by "bad news" about the Church, if you despair of all the moral laxity and doubt and dissension within her portals but seek a remedy for that despair, or if you're searching for a "face" of Catholicism that is spiritually vibrant, solidly prolife, doctrinally sound, and socially engaged, it's time for you to subscribe to the NEW OXFORD REVIEW!

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Administration [is] Dole." It's a truism that has all the more force because the inner circle that Dole would presumably draw on for an Administration—Lighthizer is touted as a possibility for White House chief of staff—seems almost to personify Dole's stumbling rationales for his candidacy: they're all about Bob Dole, and all about getting things done.

In roughly the same mold as Lighthizer is Rod DeArment, now a partner at the Washington law firm of Covington & Burling, but formerly a Finance Committee staff director, Dole chief of staff, and deputy secretary of labor under Elizabeth Dole. Robert Ellsworth, a close friend of Dole's and possibly candidate for Secretary of State, has a Washington-based international consulting firm. Another Dole man, Tom Korologos, never actually served on Dole's staff, but managed to wisecrack his way into a friendship with him in the Seventies. He now is a granddaddy of Washington lobbyists. "I think [he is] one of the best human beings in Washington," says Reagan National Security Advisor Dick Allen. "That said . . . he is a person who has spent most of his life on process."

Sound familiar? Doleniks reflect their man; their politics may vary, but they tend to be downtown-Washington lobbyists and consultants, rather than policy specialists or advocates for ideas. The cynic can see in the thriving K Street businesses an effort to cash in on Dole Inc. But it's more than that. An almost tribal sense of loyalty informs Dole supporters. In this respect, the quintessential Dolenik is Jo-Anne Coe, a quietly effective aide who has been with him since his days in the House in 1967. "She [has] submerged her ego with his," one former Dole aide explained to the *New York Times* in January. She shares an essential quality with Chief of Staff Sheila Burke and other top Dole senate aides. "They're people who get things done," explains one Senate observer. "That's both their strength and their weakness." A strength because the Senate isn't an easy place to get things done, a weakness because it's not always clear why exactly they are doing them.

If the Dole operation has mastered the Senate, in 1980 and 1988 it was singularly ineffective at Republican presidential politics. The campaign in 1996 has been different—more disciplined, more conservative—thanks chiefly to the exertions of campaign manager Scott Reed, a former Jack Kemp aide and a nuts-and-bolts political pro brought on board at the beginning of the campaign. Not every Dole loyalist appreciates the change. Grumbling from those who want to "let Dole be Dole" periodically surfaces in the press. Richard Norton Smith, a longtime Dole friend, wrote a memo to Dole that hit *Time* magazine last fall. Smith argued "Your authenticity has been sacrificed in the pursuit of ideological purity." The *Boston Globe* recently quoted a source "close to both Dole and his wife" calling conservative Dole speechwriter Mari Maseng Will "a nightmare."

But the biggest shake-up at the campaign so far favored its more aggressive faction. Deputy campaign manager Bill Lacy, a veteran of the 1988 campaign,

Roman Genn

was skeptical of the Hollywood speech and delayed Dole's American Legion English-Only speech from July to September of last year. He had a timid style, waiting for polls and consultations before acting. After the Iowa caucuses, he contributed to the crucial error of attacking Pat Buchanan as an "extremist" in TV ads. Meanwhile, he counseled holding off on running attack ads against a surging Lamar Alexander in New Hampshire until tracking polls actually showed his movement. In the event, switching the campaign's fire from Buchanan to Alexander may have been the smartest tactical decision of the early primaries.

In the wake of New Hampshire, Lacy got canned, giving Reed full control of the campaign, which he had previously split down the middle with Lacy. Out with Lacy is moderate-leaning pollster Bill McInturff, leaving the polling field to ideological conservative Tony Fabrizio. Don Sipple is taking over direction of the media campaign; although he has worked for moderates like California Gov. Pete Wilson, Sipple doesn't shrink from tough, issue-oriented ads. And he brings with him his frequent working-partner, former Bush pollster Fred Steeper, whose memo interpreting the 1994 elections as a product of GOP conservatism on social and cultural issues became must-reading in Washington last year. It's not a bad crew.

A countervailing sign is the diminished role of Mari Maseng Will (Mrs. George Will). She is part of the Dole tribe—she worked for both previous presidential campaigns. But she is also ideological. "Every single thing that Dole has done good this year has direct correlation to Mari," says one Will partisan. She was responsible for making a "values day" part of Dole's well-received three-day announcement tour last year. She not only wrote the Hollywood speech but engaged in the internal hand-to-hand combat necessary to get it delivered. She had a big hand in the English-Only speech, but also in Dole's response to the State of the Union; the latter was a flop, although that had more to do with Dole's delivery than with the text. Her departure from the campaign is officially voluntary, although she had been taking flack from other Dole insiders. But it's a loss even if she remains an outside advisor.

Jockeying of this sort will surely continue throughout the fall—and into any Dole Administration. The picture is not totally bleak for conservatives. The larger Dole entourage has its movement conservatives. Supply-side former Rep. Vin Weber got on the campaign early and has had an influential voice. Sheila Burke's deputies Kyle McSlarrow and Dennis Shea (now with the campaign) are trusted by conservatives. And those closest to Dole are not necessarily politically obtuse. If Lighthizer is too sympathetic to Pat Buchanan's message on trade, he had the sense to realize that calling him an "extremist" was a mistake. But advisors and friends closest to Dole tend to be, in fundamental ways, close to Dole. There are no Ed Meeses there, nor are any likely to emerge to win a fight over Dole's fundamental politics. In any battle for his political soul, the winner is always going to be Bob Dole. □

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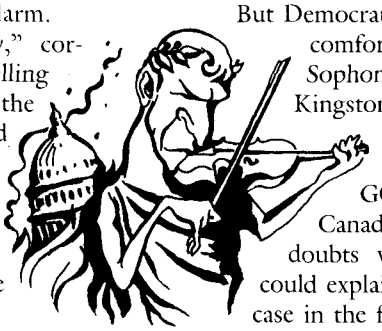
BREAD & CIRCUSES

LAST spring the news that Senators Dole and Kennedy were co-sponsoring civil-rights legislation provoked dismay at one of Grover Norquist's weekly gatherings of conservative activists. Over bagels and coffee, the activists gloomily pondered what promised to be a conspiracy to maintain race and gender preferences in the name of reform. But it was a false alarm.



"Not Kennedy, *Canady*," corrected a latecomer, dispelling the gloom by informing the group that Bob Dole had teamed up with Rep. Charles Canady, the conservative sophomore from Florida, in a serious effort to eliminate all federal race and gender preferences.

This was a welcome surprise, but a year later the fate of the Equal Opportunity Act of 1996 remains fuzzy. Almost a hundred House Republicans have signed onto the Dole–Canady bill, and its co-sponsors seem determined to press on. But other Republicans are nervous about mounting an assault on government preferences, even though most Democrats are still more nervous about defending them.

A GOP leadership aide cautiously predicts the bill will be taken to the House floor later this spring. Rep. Canady believes that Republicans can't avoid the issue, because the current system of preferences in federal hiring and contracting offends "first principles and our basic values." He made this argument forcefully when the House Judiciary subcommittee he chairs considered the bill March 7. Nor was he surprised that subcommittee Democrats mounted no principled defense of preferences. "They want to talk about red herrings. They want to divert attention from the real issue," he recently told me.

The Democratic discomfort was exemplified by Melvin Watt of North Carolina. Canady asked him to explain "why anyone should receive an advantage of any kind because of race or gender." Watt ducked ungracefully: "I am not going to honor that with a response. I mean, I think the question is so ridiculous that it deserves no response." Michigan Democrat John Conyers's plaintive declaration that Dole–Canady represented "a serious retreat from the bipartisan spirit" that had been the hallmark of civil-rights legislation was borne out when the subcommittee approved the bill on an 8 to 5 party-line vote.

But Democrats aren't the only uncomfortable people around. Sophomore Republican Jack Kingston has been outspoken in declaring it would be a mistake for the GOP to bring Dole–Canady to the floor. He doubts whether Republicans could explain the anti-preference case in the face of "race-mongering" by Bill Clinton. If Republicans were unable to make their case for Medicare reform with all the time and resources devoted to studies, hearings, and focus groups, Kingston argues, what chance will they have in debating civil rights?

Kingston claims to have particular insights into the preference debate owing to the racial make-up of his Georgia district. Blacks account for about a third of his district, which he won with 76 per cent of the vote in 1994. He doesn't believe his GOP colleagues from districts with small black populations understand how blacks view either affirmative action or the beneficial role of the Federal Government. And he wonders whether there might not be a middle ground that would permit a gradual phase-out of preferences: "I would probably support Canady if that was all that was out there. But I think there might be something that is a little more win-win for us." In the meantime, he believes that "to give Bill Clinton another issue to mobilize his base on is no way to win the White House."

The Dole for President campaign disagrees. "Race and gender preferences are a big defining difference between Dole's campaign and Clinton's campaign," according to Dennis Shea, a senior policy advisor on the campaign. He looks forward to a debate on the topic, pointing out that Dole's opposition to preferences is one expression of his broader message that "We're one America." And even if Congress fails to act, Shea expects the elimination of preferences to be a national issue because the California Civil Rights Initiative (which Dole has endorsed) will be much debated in that key battleground state.

Ward Connerly, chairman of the CCRI, agrees that the issue is a defining one for the political parties. He recently gave a lecture on the subject at The Heritage Foundation in Washington. There weren't many people in the audience, demonstrating Capitol Hill's current lack of interest in the quota debate. But Connerly inspired them. He told them that the challenge for the GOP is to convince his fellow black Americans, who have "become addicted to the drug of a powerful central government, that . . . none of our rights are secure in a game of racial self-interest."

THIS is a message that black Republicans can put more persuasively than whites. But freshman Rep. J. C. Watts of Oklahoma, who leads GOP efforts to attract black support and who is listened to by Speaker Gingrich, is hesitant. He admits that he can't really argue with the California initiative. "I agree in principle," he says, but he wonders whether congressional Republicans ought to be launching a similar proposal in the middle of an outreach campaign to black voters. And many other freshmen, nervous on racial issues, defer to Watts on whether the timing is right for Dole–Canady.

Like Kingston, Watts looks at the past year and is dismayed at the Republicans' inability to make their case on a range of issues. Unlike Kingston, he doesn't talk of a middle ground, or a gradual phase-out of preferences. Watts is thinking politically. He is reluctant to take up Dole–Canady because of the difficulty the GOP might have explaining it in the face of widespread "misunderstanding of the affirmative-action issue." No one, of course, should underrate the capacity of the GOP to mess up. But the politics of race preferences are very different from those of Medicare. Preferences are unpopular, Medicare revered.

Anyway, as Connerly argued and Watts concedes, there is more at stake here than approval ratings. Watts wonders, "Is there ever a wrong time to do what's right?" —KATE O'BEIRNE

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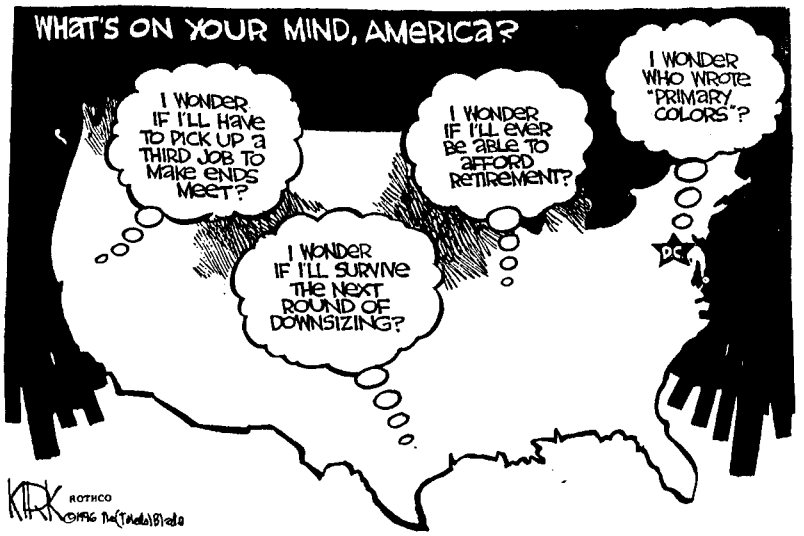
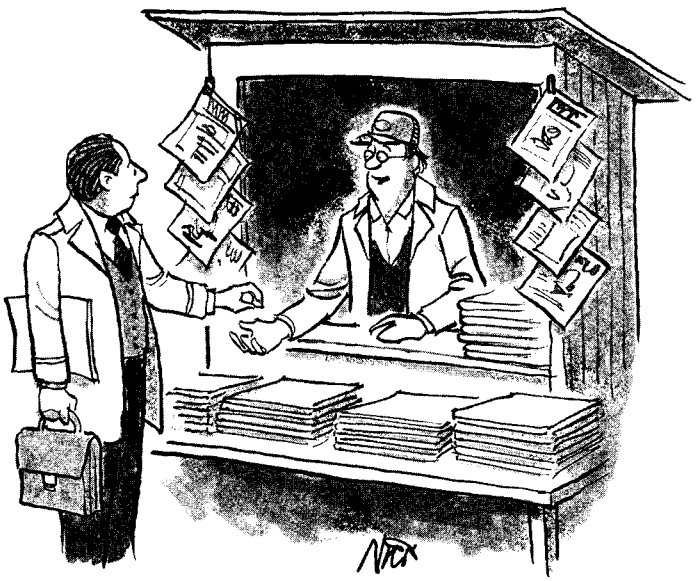
hello!!!!

George Burns: In Memoriam

So long
and lovably
he taught us how to laugh,
no wind of death can blow away
his chaff.

—Gloria A. Maxson


WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, AMERICA?
I WONDER IF I'LL HAVE TO PICK UP A THIRD JOB TO MAKE ENDS MEET?
I WONDER IF I'LL SURVIVE THE NEXT ROUND OF DOWNSIZING?
I WONDER IF I'LL EVER BE ABLE TO AFFORD RETIREMENT?
I WONDER WHO WROTE "PRIMARY COLORS"?
ROTHCO



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ON THE SCENE

A Case of Grievance

ANTHONY DANIELS

Frederick H. Carlson

BIRMINGHAM

UNTIL the Falklands War, few people other than stamp collectors had ever heard of those barren, windswept islands in the South Atlantic; and until Thomas Watt Hamilton walked into Dunblane Primary School last Wednesday morning and shot 16 children and their teacher dead, then turning his gun upon himself, few people had ever heard of Dunblane. After the three-minute massacre of the innocents, however, the name of Dunblane, a typically dismal small Scottish town, was—and remains—upon everybody's lips.

As well it might: for Thomas Watt Hamilton's crime was the very acme of modern social pathology. It wasn't only that the crime was followed at once by scores of psychologists, counselors, and psychiatrists giving their opinions on television and in print as to how the full exploration of Hamilton's fantasy life might have prevented the tragedy; it was that the crime was itself a perverted form of psychotherapy, a cathartic release from the frustrations from which its perpetrator had long suffered.

Thomas Watt Hamilton was a strange man, but he was not by any means unique: on the contrary, I meet his like among my patients not infrequently. Those who dream of mass killing are a tiny minority of the total population, perhaps, but they are not therefore a negligible number. And since the last such mass killing in Britain occurred in 1987, when a young man in the small and equally obscure English town of Hungerford went on the rampage and killed 17 people, perhaps the question should not be why such events happen at all, but why so few of them happen.

Hamilton was a loner who had expressed a somewhat steamy interest in young boys since about the age of 20. In everyday life, he could be perfectly polite, but he was close to no one. At the age of 22 he was expelled from the Boy Scout Association, not for any sexual deviancy, but because he had failed to take proper care of the boys in his charge on an outing to the Highlands. Instead of staying in a hostel, he had made them sleep in his van in the freezing cold.

Apparently, he never forgot or forgave. He devoted himself to his twin interests, guns and boys' clubs. They were to be united in the most unhappy fashion.

He hired local halls and started his own clubs. On three occasions, permission to hire halls was refused him because of persistent rumors about him. On one occasion, he appealed successfully via the legal system, unproved allegations being no grounds to refuse anything to anyone, apparently.

Nevertheless, his reputation remained distinctly unsavory. It was known to some that the walls of his apartment were covered with pictures of small boys in various states of undress. He was known to be a fitness fanatic who exercised the children entrusted to him with sadistic ruthlessness. He took photographs of naked boys which the local shop refused to develop, so that he had to take them instead to Glasgow. One mother reported his activities to the police, but nothing was done. Nor was anything done when Hamilton later threatened her with a gun. The police merely said that he had a gun license, and that therefore everything was in order. Hamilton wrote a circular letter to the parents of Dunblane protesting his innocence of sexual perversion.

In 1992, however, the local council decided that enough was enough, and refused him further permission to run any boys' clubs at all. Thereafter, Hamilton gave himself over to the expression of bitterness at this terrible injustice, and he wrote uninterruptedly to the powerful and important to complain. Shortly before the denouement of this terrible story, he mailed a bundle of querulous letters to radio and television stations, and even one to the Queen.

The *locus classicus* of his prickly self-absorption is in a letter he wrote to the Scottish Secretary (the cabinet minister at the head of Scottish affairs) on March 24, 1993, a year after he had been prevented from running boys' clubs:

> With the horrific murder of little James Bulger, possibly by two 10-year-old boys, the whole question of juvenile crime is in greater debate across the whole country.
>
> The work of my group in providing sporting and leisure time activities for young boys has the effect of channeling young energies into creative and worthwhile pursuits . . .
>
> It is ironic the decline of these clubs was caused by the irresponsible actions of overzealous police officers from Central Scotland police, obsessed with child abuse, in carrying out their failed pervert hunt using unfair tactics. . . .
>
> The proper and legitimate purpose of the need to take such photographs had been fully explained previously to [police officers]. When senior officers had been shown these photographs in earlier years, their only comments had been "the colors were nice."
>
> . . . If the Government is going to effectively condone the police undermining, smashing and destroying voluntary youth groups in modern day witch-hunts, it is perhaps hardly surprising that bored children with little or nothing to do turn their energies to crime from a young age.

His grievance fed his bitterness, and his bitterness his grievance, until finally he thought of a resolution of his situa-

Dr. Daniels is the author of Utopias Elsewhere.

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tion: and in the days before he carried it out, he was a changed man, euphoric and talkative, where before he had been miserable and taciturn. By massacring the children, and then killing himself, he simultaneously brought retribution to a cruel world, righted a wrong, achieved immortality, and put a term to his own misery. No psychotherapist (or Hollywood scriptwriter) could have thought of a neater ending. And his argumentation in his letter to the Scottish Secretary was uncannily like that of the Oklahoma bomber, Timothy McVeigh, who wrote two letters to the *Lockport Union-Sun & Journal* a couple of years before the bombing to air his complaints about the cruelty of modern farming methods and the corruption of American politicians. "Do we have to shed blood to reform the current system? I hope it doesn't come to that. But it might."

But it is Thomas Watt Hamilton's profound sense of grievance that is the *Leitmotiv* of his thought; and in this he is truly a man of his time. He conceived of any obstruction to the fulfillment of his desires as an infringement of his inalienable rights: hence the aggrieved tone of his letter to the Scottish Secretary. He believed that his right to run a boys' club was of the same nature as his right to a fair trial or to freedom of speech. Even if he had been caught with a boy *in flagrante delicto*, as he was not, it is not difficult to imagine his defense, culled from thirty years of liberal argumentation:

"What harm have I done?" he would have written. "I am very fond of boys and would never have inflicted any injury upon them. The alleged harmfulness of pedophilia and pederasty do not come from the acts themselves, but from society's prejudiced reaction to them. The Ancient Greeks were pedophiles, and their society was the finest Mankind has ever known. It is surely time we rooted out this absurd, unthinking, and primitive prejudice."

His use of grievance to justify an atrocious act is again characteristic of our age. Not long ago I met a man who told me that he would like one day to go into a crowded supermarket and spray the shoppers with machine-gun bullets, *because they were all meat-eaters*. The conditions in which meat was produced were an abomination and a disgrace, he said. And in order to make his protest heard, he would have to decimate the suburbs: our furry friends deserved no less. Indeed, it would be immoral for him to stand back and do nothing.

Only yesterday, I met a young man who felt so strongly about the destruction of the rain forests of Brazil that he could no longer agree to participate in a society which permitted and profited from it. He had thus dropped out of higher education: the only honorable course of action in a world such as ours was to live in perpetuity upon social security, get drunk, and hit policemen, which he did regularly. That his own actions might be causing suffering had not occurred to him, and when it was pointed out, he said such suffering was trifling by comparison with the destruction of the rain forests.

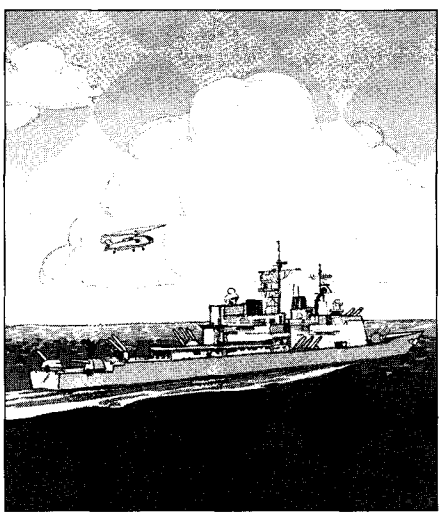
I hear echoes of Thomas Watt Hamilton in the conversations I have with criminals in the prison where I work. They tell me that in a world in which property is so unevenly distributed, theft is not crime, but rather, redistribution or even a form of taxation. And thus the locus of moral responsibility and control is shifted from the individual to society, leaving the individual to act out as he pleases, free of unpleasant guilt or irritating restraint.

And, as we know, there is no higher good than self-expression. To hold anything in, to repress feelings, even murderous ones, is not only impossible in the long run, but a dereliction of duty to oneself. If Thomas Watt Hamilton had lived, he would have told us that his act was one of self-affirmation in a world which constantly and maliciously thwarted him. He would have had a hundred arguments at the ready to prove that, in singling him out as evil, we were demonizing him and blaming him for all society's ills. He would have told us that it was a sign of our complacency—the worst moral defect known to liberal man—that we held him accountable for his actions and not Dunblane council and Central Scotland police, who provoked them.

Curiously, it is true that Hamilton was not solely to blame for his actions, but not in a sense that will please liberals. All those who have assiduously taught us over the years that self-fulfillment is a right, regardless of its content; that the locus of our moral concern should not be our own actions, but the conditions of society as a whole; that all repression of desire is wrong—they should look in the mirror and see a little of Thomas Watt Hamilton in themselves. □

In Dire Straits

ROBERT A. MANNING & JAMES PRZYSTUP



Frederick H. Carlson

TAIPEI

IT IS a new twist in electoral strategy that even Dick Morris would have problems spinning. In the midst of Taiwan's presidential campaign, China test-fired nuclear-capable M-9 missiles within twenty miles of the Kaohsiung, the world's third-largest container port, and of the other major Taiwanese port, Keelung in the East China Sea. This was accompanied by the amassing of 150,000 troops and the staging of major live-fire exercises in the path of major shipping lanes. For good measure, Peking extended the exercises even after the elections. All this has been a desperate and futile effort to intimidate 14 million Taiwanese voters on the verge of giving birth to the first full democracy in four thousand years of Chinese civilization.

Despite the war fever surrounding Peking's reckless conduct, China's goal was mainly to narrow Taiwanese President Lee Teng-hui's victory margin and to shape the course of his post-election diplomacy away from a drive for international recognition. In the second case,

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it was unnecessary. Lee would likely have been compelled by economic and political realities to move back toward dialogue with Peking without the bully-boy tactics. And in the first it was immensely counter-productive, causing resentment in Taiwan and chills throughout the Western Pacific.

Indeed, Peking's actions were so outrageous that even Bill Clinton found a spine China had not seen before. The Administration deployed not one but two full carrier task forces to the area around the Taiwan straits, the largest U.S. armada assembled in the Pacific since the Vietnam War. This just might be the first step on the long road back to restoring the credibility the Administration has systematically squandered in its inconstant and inept China policy.

HOW bad is it? So bad that even our closest and most loyal ally in the region, Australia, had all but written off the Administration's ability to deal with China effectively.

In an intelligence assessment last December—leaked to the *Sydney Morning Herald*—Canberra concluded that the Clinton Administration "appears incapable at present of developing and pursuing . . . policies which would promote effective management of the problem." The report pointed out that the tension between Peking, obsessed with nineteenth-century notions of sovereignty, and Taiwan, actively pushing for a greater international role, could provoke Chinese military action, plunging East Asia into crisis and jeopardizing America's alliances in the region.

Such high stakes "should impress upon the U.S. the need for an active policy of preventive diplomacy," but "Washington gives no confidence that it is able to devise and implement such a policy."

Dicey as the situation is between China and Taiwan, it is only one of a stream of explosive issues ranging from China's failure to honor agreements to protect American intellectual property on up to China's sales of missiles and nuclear technology to Iran and Pakistan.

It is not only Australia that is worried. The entire Asia–Pacific fears that the continued downward slide of U.S.–China relations jeopardizes the region's stability and prosperity. One measure of this concern is that, according to well-placed sources, Japan's new prime minister spent more than half of his first meeting with President Clinton last month in Santa Monica discussing China.

China's assertive posture not just in regard to Taiwan, but in the waters of the South and East China Seas, has again raised questions about China's future, particularly as China is becoming a major oil and food importer. If the U.S. is not viewed as a reliable counter-balance, then South Korea, Japan, and the members of the Association of Southeast Asian States (Indonesia, Malaysia, Philippines, Singapore, Thailand) will be compelled to rethink their respective national strategies. As a Singaporean diplomat told us *before* Taiwan heated up, "Inside the Beltway it is all a game of spin, but out here, we watch carefully what you say and do, and it seems to us that the U.S. is unable to conceive, much less execute, a coherent approach to China."

Thus, while Washington buzzes with talk of the New Containment, a more likely outcome is the marginalization of the U.S. in the region.

There is a growing obsession among our friends and allies with "security dialogues"—talk shops designed to somehow enmesh China while keeping the U.S. anchored in the region. Even Australia last fall mysteriously announced a new security accord with Indonesia.

Similarly, South Korea has been moving quietly but unmistakably toward China as tensions between South Korea and the U.S. have mounted over dealings with North Korea. A visible expression of this was the unprecedented visit last October of China's President Jiang Zemin to South Korea. That meeting produced a rabidly anti-Japanese (and somewhat anti-U.S.) joint communiqué.

But the biggest concern is the impact of U.S.–China relations on the U.S.–Japan alliance. This bilateral security pact is the cornerstone of U.S. security policy in Asia and the linchpin of stability in the region. But over the past three years Japanese views have changed radically. Until the beginning of the 1990s, the Japanese thought their aid and investment, plus the U.S.–Japan security treaty, were enough to manage China. But as they have watched China's double-digit economic growth enter its second decade and seen Chinese nationalism and military assertiveness on the rise, they have begun to rethink their position.

Specifically, China's nuclear testing and China's activities in the disputed Senkaku islands have begun to make China a political issue in Japan. A senior Japanese diplomat told us recently, "The way the Chinese are behaving, it's making it difficult to defend our policies to our public." If the U.S. is unable to fashion a constructive relationship with China that can indeed moderate Chinese behavior, then the whole structure of Japan's postwar security policies is called into question.

Thus, what began with the China–Taiwan dispute has rippled through the Pacific, putting at risk U.S. leadership in the Far East. It is difficult under the best of circumstances to deal with a China wearing a large chip of historic wrongs on its shoulder. A good starting point would be to accord China the priority and attention one should devote to any major power. It is not a matter of appeasing China, but of exercising realism in dealing with a government that, unfortunately, cannot be expected to disappear any time soon.

The Clinton Administration's deployment of the carrier battlegroups offers a ray of hope that it has indeed heard the wake-up call. May one further hope that they are equipped with prototypes of the Navy's Lower Tier missile-defense system and that, should China resume its missile tests, our Navy will conduct a few tests of its own? □

In Churchill's Footsteps

SPENCER WARREN

FULTON, MO.

"LIFE is good," sagely commented the conductor, as I leaned back in the cushy splendor of my 1940s Union Pacific parlor car. I was one of several hundred passengers on the special train journey from St. Louis to Jefferson City, Missouri, following the route that Winston Churchill and President Truman had taken fifty years ago to Westminster College in the small town of Fulton. There Churchill

Mr. Warren is president of the Insider's Washington Experience, a public-policy seminar program.

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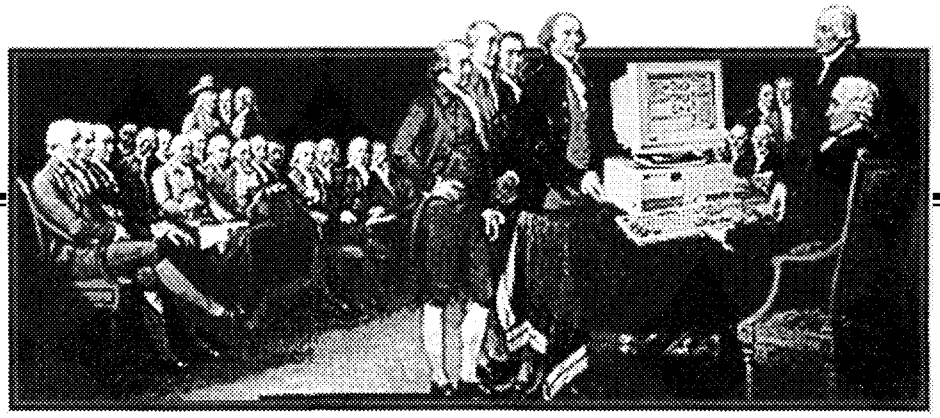

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had denounced the "iron curtain" that our wartime ally, the Soviet Union, had drawn down across Eastern Europe, and there he had proclaimed Western resistance against Communist expansion.

We were attending the commemoration hosted by the Churchill Memorial and Library and the International Churchill Societies, led by the indefatigable Richard Langworth. The first highlights were the talks on Sir Winston's paintings and his early life by two of his granddaughters, Edwina and Celia Sandys.

I had the unenviable task of following these ladies with a talk on Churchill's philosophy of politics and how it was reflected in his famous address. The Fulton speech was a lesson in power. True, Churchill felt compelled to dress up his message in the elaborate garb of the new United Nations, which a still naïve America saw as the embodiment of its hopes for a new world of cooperation and harmony, replacing the bad old "power politics" of the past. But his meaning was clear. Communist expansion had to be checked by 1) the United States and the combined power of Britain and her Commonwealth, working closely in a unique alliance he called the "special relationship"; 2) Western monopoly of the atomic bomb; and 3) Anglo-American military superiority. These were the "Sinews of Peace," Churchill's title for his address.

Revered today, Churchill's address at the time was engulfed in a storm of controversy. By telling the truth about Russia and by invoking the demands of power, he challenged the utopian views of many who passionately believed that atomic weapons had made a transformation of world politics crucial to survival. At the time, Senator Claude Pepper complained: "Mr. Churchill's proposal would cut the throat of the UNO." Bernard Shaw said that Churchill was proposing a "recrudescence of the old balance-of-power policy . . . with a view to a future war." In the House of Commons, 105 (mostly Labour) MPs (including the young James Callaghan) introduced a motion condemning the speech and any idea of alliances. The "realist" Walter Lippmann wrote in private that the speech was "a direct incitement to a preventive war" and an "almost catastrophic blunder." Such was the controversy that, three days later, President Truman felt compelled to deny (inaccurately) that he had known in advance what Churchill would say.

Yet within a year Churchill's position was settled U.S.–UK policy, supported by 81 per cent of Americans in one opinion poll.

The next day we drove from Jefferson City the 24 miles to Fulton, leaving the modern highway in favor of the narrow road Churchill and Truman had taken half a century before. Fulton's population, then 6,500, is not much larger today, nor is the classic main street, with its low, early-century buildings much different, except for the merchants' names. The renowned guest Lady Thatcher, accompanied by Sir Denis and local dignitaries, paraded along Churchill and Truman's route to the college, which sits on a hill to one side of the town.

Bonnie T. Gardner

Just as Churchill had broken the euphoria and warned of dangers in the aftermath of the Second World War, his heir—in terms of successful leadership, political principle, and personal fortitude—warned of dangers in the aftermath of the Cold War. There would be no utopian new world order: like Churchill, Lady Thatcher spoke about power and military superiority.

"The world remains a very dangerous place," she said, "menaced by more unstable and complex threats than a decade ago." Besides instability in Russia, she emphasized radical Islam and the threat posed by the proliferation of nuclear, chemical, and biological weapons to rogue states like Iraq, Iran, and Libya. A "direct threat to American shores is likely to mature early in the next century." She alluded to the value of pre-emptive attacks by the West, but recognized they are not realistic "given the intellectual climate today."

Despite these dangers, "we have run down our defenses and relaxed our guard," increasingly placing "our trust in international institutions." But two of these organizations have failed their post-Cold War challenges: the UN in Somalia and Bosnia, the European Union in failing to incorporate Poland, Hungary, and the former Czechoslovakia into the democratic and economic institutions of Western Europe. Rather than meeting this "explicit duty laid down by history," Lady Thatcher said, the EU has been chasing after the doctrinaire scheme of building a European state among its existing members through centralizing power with Brussels bureaucrats.

One institution that can meet the new security challenges, Lady Thatcher argued, is NATO. If, through NATO, "America remains the dominant partner in a united West, and militarily engaged in Europe, then the West can continue to be the dominant power in the world as a whole." The superiority of NATO, led by the U.S., is Lady Thatcher's twenty-first-century equivalent to Churchill's "special relationship."

NATO needs to renew itself, she said, by admitting Poland, Hungary, and the Czech Republic, and by extending its role beyond its member states. Further, NATO can coordinate what has become "a matter of the greatest importance and urgency," a "global system of ballistic missile defense." Just as Churchill had believed that the atomic age required not an abandonment of power but a reassertion of the need for superiority, so Lady Thatcher repudiated the utopian objections to practical missile defense.

To further strengthen the West, Lady Thatcher called for a Trans-Atlantic Free Trade Agreement uniting NAFTA and the EU, and enlarged with the Central European countries. This "TAFTA" would "provide a solid economic underpinning to America's continued military commitment to Europe, while strengthening the still fragile" Central European states. It would be an economic NATO, she said.

Like Churchill, Lady Thatcher noted the ideas and ideals of the West (Churchill's "title deeds of freedom") as an element of our strength. Together with a larger NATO and TAFTA, they constitute the three pillars of Lady Thatcher's New Atlantic Initiative. As her "uniquely distinguished predecessor" had fifty years before, Margaret Thatcher has given the American people a vital lesson in applying superior power to the challenges of a postwar world. □

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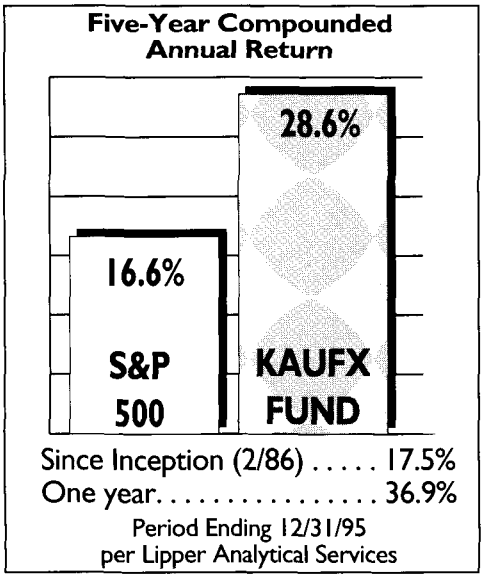

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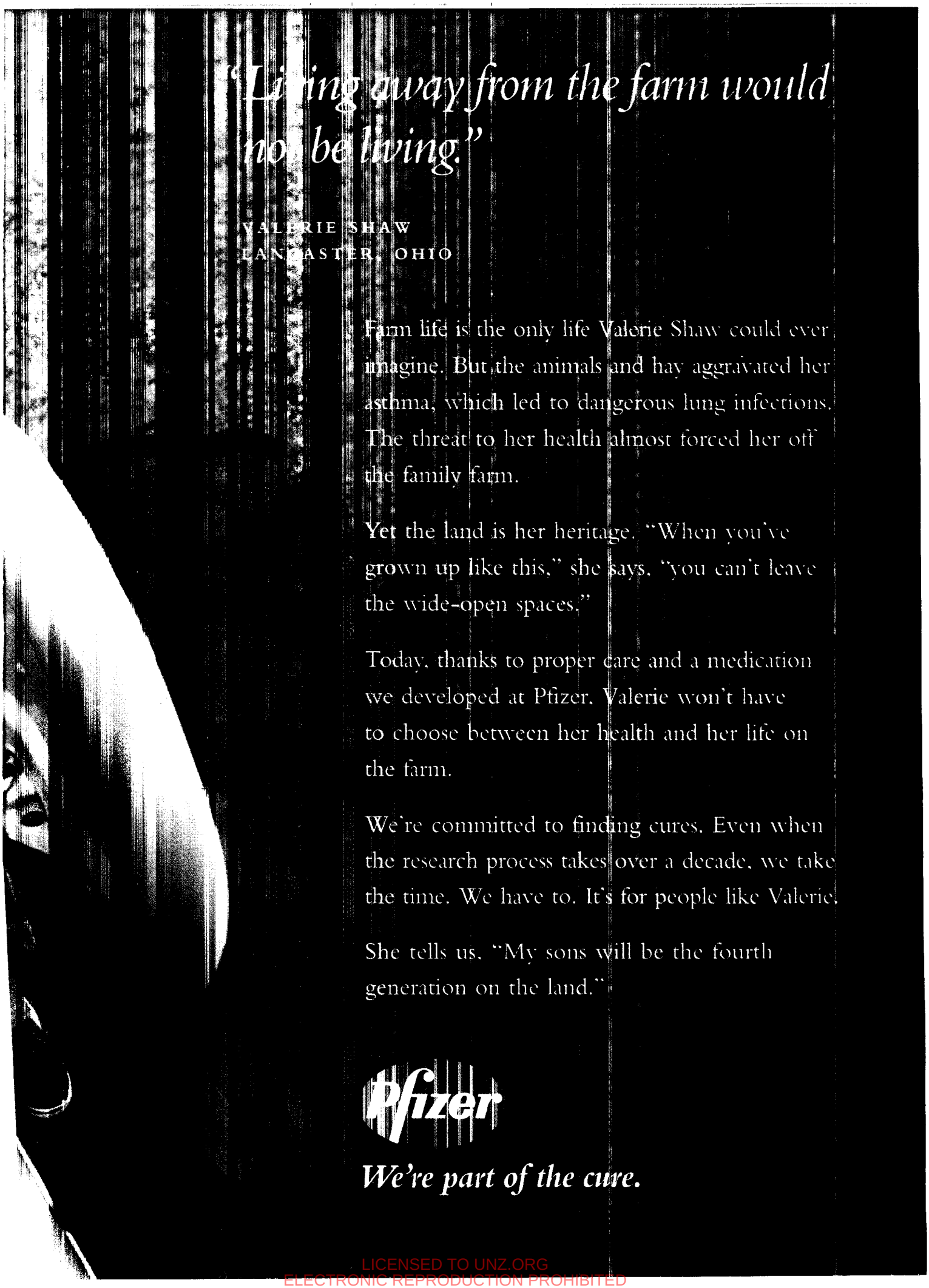

"Living away from the farm would not be living."

VALERIE SHAW
LANCASTER, OHIO

Farm life is the only life Valerie Shaw could ever imagine. But the animals and hay aggravated her asthma, which led to dangerous lung infections. The threat to her health almost forced her off the family farm.

Yet the land is her heritage. "When you've grown up like this," she says, "you can't leave the wide-open spaces."

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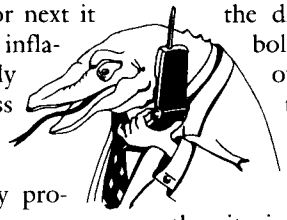
GEKKO

AS REGULAR readers know, I am very, very negative on the bond. I believe we entered a multi-year bear market at the beginning of the year. Later this year or next it will be blamed on "rising inflation," but this will merely reflect the political weakness of the deficit-dependent officeholders who can't get the support for the austerity programs they've announced.



Right at the moment, though, I think we're almost due for a bounce in the bond market. While the selloff of '96 has told us that the bear market has begun, there are some false rays of hope out there. Reported inflation is low, and the liquidation of the T-bonds bought with borrowed yen will slow at the Japanese year end of March 31. There's a momentary pause in the deterioration of the U.S. political climate. While the Fed hesitates to cut in the wake of that phony jobs report in early March, I still think you can count on one more cut in the funds rate before the election season begins.

So take your short-selling profits. But any rally in the bond market here will be a dangerous one.

■ Is it possible to make money off Marion Barry's reputation?

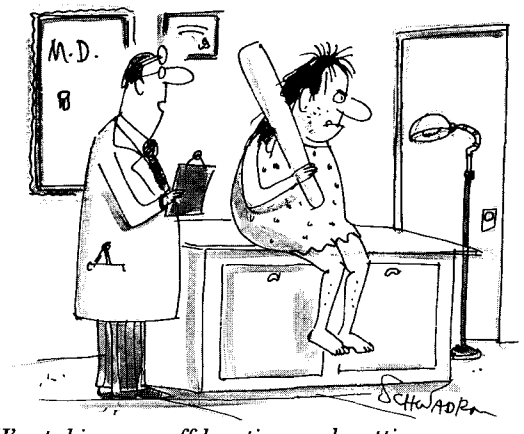
For some reason, many of my friends in the markets are the ones who seek profit from disaster. And if you're looking for disaster in the municipal market, look no further than the District of Columbia, which has issued about $3.5 billion of bonds, virtually all within the last decade. Right now, the D.C. bonds that aren't guaranteed by an insurer are selling with yields of 70 to 100 basis points higher than comparable muni bonds. Is that cheap or expensive?

The day I went to visit the D.C. local government, they were preparing to cancel the primary elections for lack of money. Apparently, in the $4.9-billion local budget, a mere $10,000 for every man, woman, and child in the District, they could not find the $350,000 or so to conduct the admittedly meaningless primaries in May.

The primaries may yet be held, but the dispute had a certain symbolic value. Home rule is over—again—for Washington, D.C. Nominally, of course, there's still Mayor Barry and the City Council, but the reality is that the city is run by something the law calls the "District of Columbia Financial Responsibility and Management Assistance Authority," universally known as the Control Board. The Control Board works with the city's chief financial officer, Anthony Williams, who can't be fired by Mayor Barry.

The bond world doesn't believe this. Or at least the muni bond world. To go into the muni world is to enter one of those time warps that are so convenient for *Star Trek* scriptwriters. Information is poor. People buy bonds and hold them—I didn't know that was legal any more. And they think that Control Board or no Control Board, Washington is bad and getting worse.

I don't like to admit it, but I lived in Washington part of the time I was growing up, and I know at least some of the rocks to look under. The truth is that Williams and the Control Board are in control. The D.C. bureaucrats, politicians, and most of the electorate, hate this. But they have no say. Bills will be paid, interest and principal will be paid, and there's enough cash to do this. Within a year—or at most, two—Washington should be an investment-grade credit again.



"I'm taking you off hunting and putting you on gathering until those ulcer symptoms clear up."

When muni people think about Washington, they think about Marion with a crack pipe in hand, and speculate about bankruptcy. That's nonsense. For one thing, the federal laws on municipal bankruptcies don't apply to D.C., which is neither a city nor a state. A special law would have to be passed for the District to go into receivership, but it won't be, because it won't be needed.

So these bonds are a bargain. But there's a catch. In any other market, this sort of news would be discounted or leapt on by speculators. In the muni market, though, you can't use borrowed money to increase your profits. So, as my friend Jim Lebenthal says, "For me, it's like betting on a glacier race. The product moves too slowly."

■ How very different the Euromarkets! My favorite Euro issue is a three-year Euro-rand bond with an interest rate of 17 per cent issued last month by NAFINSA, a Mexican government agency. It sold off heavily on the date of its issuance, though it has recovered somewhat since. Some of the buyers of this treasure financed its purchase by borrowing in yen. So now they've found at least four ways to lose money —a rise in yen interest rates, a revaluation of the yen itself, a devaluation of the South African rand, and a marking down of Mexico's creditworthiness. "A true piece of ——," as one of my delicate Euro-traders puts it.

■ Republicans are taking their time working up enthusiasm for the Dole candidacy, but the liberals are visibly relieved. The world as they know it will not come to an end—Pat Buchanan will not be President if the wrong Polaroids fall into the hands of the *Enquirer* and Bill loses the election. Mike Nichols, Robin Williams, and the others responsible for *The Birdcage*, the top-grossing mainstream gay comedy film, seem to anticipate the complacency about Dole. The heavy, a right-wing senator played by Gene Hackman, dismisses Dole as "too liberal." A drag-queen heroine voices admiration for Mr. (R., Kan.).

Is this good news?

—JOHN DIZARD

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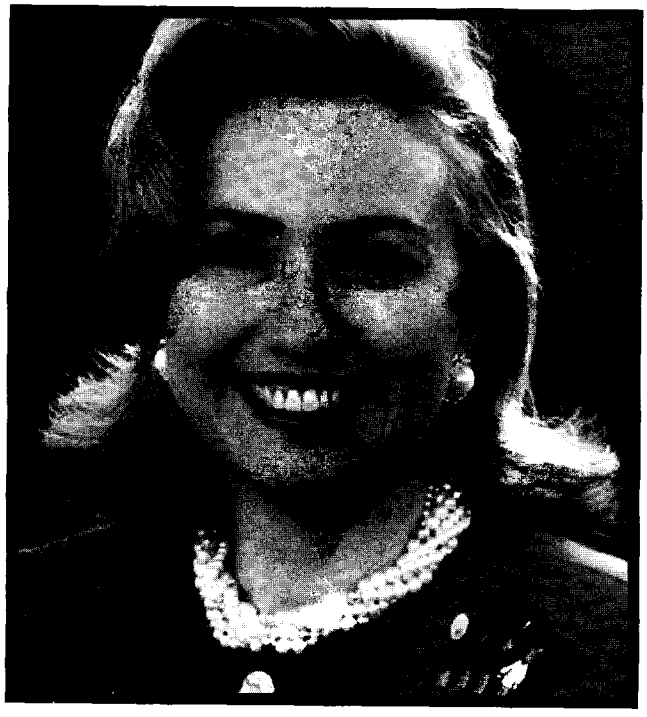
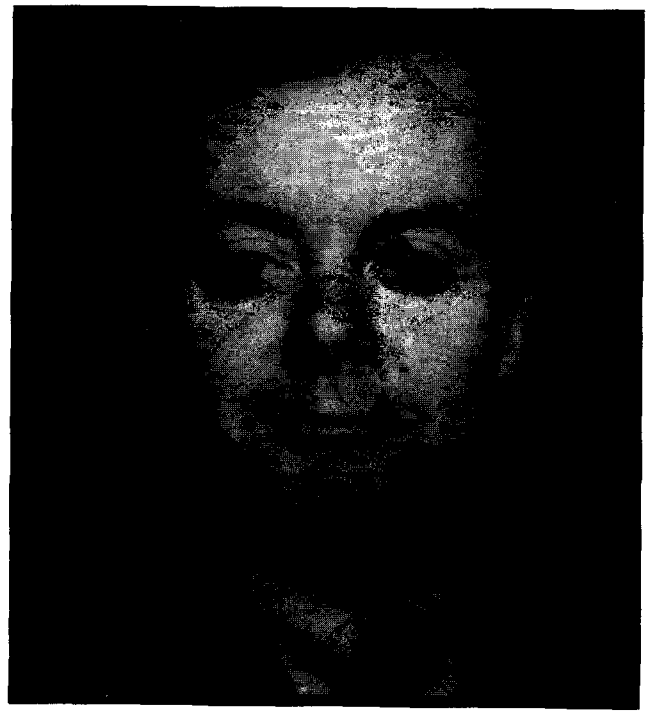
*"There's no such thing as other people's children."**

– Hillary Rodham Clinton





The first lady wants you to believe "it takes a village to raise a child." Gary Bauer wants you to know why the village can't replace Moms & Dads.

Mrs. Clinton actually believes *"there's no such thing as other peoples' children."* That's why her new book lays out ambitious plans for "the village" to raise America's children. She is determined to implement these and other plans through the power of the Federal government - radical plans that can only separate children from their parents:

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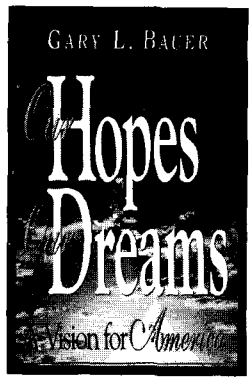
✖ *Abortion-on-demand for minors through taxpayer-funded health care.*

✖ *Explicit sex education materials for all elementary school children.*

But Gary Bauer's book *Our Hopes, Our Dreams* is a pro-family alternative to the first lady's far-reaching plans. *Our Hopes, Our Dreams* is a positive vision for America's children. It's based on self-reliant families who don't need the counterfeit authority of the global "village," *or* the approval of government bureaucrats, to make the vital decisions in their lives.



This pivotal debate on the family will determine the future of how you will be allowed to raise your children. *Our Hopes, Our Dreams* outlines the issues and offers practical steps to ensure that the right to raise your family stays where it belongs - at home with you.

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How Jackie Robinson Desegregated America

Perhaps the least-learned lesson of the saga of Jackie Robinson is that competition can transform self-interest into an engine for racial fairness.

STEVE SAILER

FIFTY years ago, on April 18, 1946, Jackie Robinson broke organized baseball's color barrier with a characteristic bang, homering and scoring four runs in his historic first game for the Brooklyn Dodgers' top farm team. This anniversary will no doubt unleash a wave of media meditations, since it combines the two national pastimes of the American male intellectual: denouncing racism and waxing nostalgic over the Brooklyn Dodgers. Spike Lee is preparing *The Jackie Robinson Saga*, and I'm sure Stephen Jay Gould will favor us with his thoughts.

Yet, beyond the obvious platitudes, baseball's long struggle over race can yield some surprising perspectives on our national predicament. The Robinson epic is generally lumped in with the 1954 *Brown* decision against segregated public schools and the 1964 Civil Rights Act outlawing job discrimination. Yet two crucial differences stand out. 1) The integration of organized baseball *preceded* the civil-rights revolution, and in reality baseball helped make later reforms politically feasible by giving white Americans black heroes with whom to identify. 2) Government had almost nothing to do with this triumph of the competitive market. Baseball owners finally realized that the more they cared about the color of people's money, the less they could afford to care about the color of their skin.

It's ironic that the hallowed civil-rights revolution owed so much to something as seemingly trivial as pro sports. Yet, without this business of producing heroes for public consumption, whites might never have cared enough about blacks to be bothered by racial injustice. It's not the most noble trait of human nature, but we tend to be more outraged by minor slights to winners (note the endlessly recounted tales of the indignities Robinson endured) than by mass atrocities against downtrodden losers.

That competitive markets make irrational bigotry expensive—not impossible, but costly—was first formally demonstrated in 1957 by University of Chicago economist Gary Becker (the 1992 Nobel Laureate), and in the four decades since has barely gained a toehold in conventional thinking. Let me be clear: this idea does not pollyannaishly presume that white people (or any other people) are motivated by disinterested good will. It merely assumes that if forced to by competition, people will hire whoever makes them the most money. Don't forget, though, that we humans are always conniving to exempt ourselves from competition. The more we can insulate ourselves from the open market, the more painlessly we can then discriminate for kin and countrymen and against people we don't like. Baseball's often ugly history shows this clearly.

Back in the 1880s, when the term "organized baseball" reflected ambition more than reality, the general anarchy let a few dozen blacks play in integrated leagues. By the turn of the century, however, blacks had been utterly banished. Although liberal demonology would assume that the owners were the villains, the prime agitators for segregation were, as economic theory would predict, the white ballplayers. Cap Anson was the best known of the many white athletes who threatened strikes or violence against black rivals. The banning of blacks came up for a vote only once, in 1887 in the International League. Follow-

Mr. Sailer is a Chicago businessman and writer (e-mail address is steveslr@aol.com).

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ing many nasty anti-black demonstrations by white players, the owners of the six all-white teams outvoted the owners of the four mixed teams. Elsewhere, blacks were driven out by "gentlemen's agreements."

Why did all the owners, although often after some resistance, ultimately give in to rabble-rousing white players? Easing the slide into segregation was organized baseball's curious status as a sort of Portuguese man-of-war of economic entities—in some ways an industry of independent competitors, in others a single enterprise. Baseball teams must agree upon how they will compete, and, while they're at it, it's always tempting to agree upon how they won't compete. Congress ratified organized baseball's collusive tendency in 1920 by exempting it from the Sherman Antitrust Act.

The team owners' ill-named "gentlemen's agreement" to discriminate against blacks closely resembles today's unspoken understanding among the presidents of another government-sanctioned cartel, our elite colleges, that they will all discriminate against whites and Asians. Both club-owners and college presidents chose to head off ugly incidents by pre-emptively caving in to racial activists. They then browbeat all their peers into closing ranks, lest a lone dissident spotlight their spinelessness.

When all teams colluded against blacks, each team could assure itself that it was no worse off competitively than if all hired blacks. Cartels often collapse quickly because of cheating, but it was easier to enforce a national ban on black ballplayers than on, say, black factory workers. A ballclub couldn't hide its black workers away inside the mill, but would have had to flaunt them on the road before hostile, even murderous crowds.

JACKIE ROBINSON'S vast (and deserved) fame tends to make us assume that blacks and whites never played together before April 1946. In truth, as the supply of black baseball talent exploded after World War I, the demand for it could not be contained either. There were of course the Negro Leagues. By the 1940s they were booming, and their All Star game frequently outdrew the white version. More forgotten are the many venues outside the South where blacks and whites increasingly played together. 1) Collegiate athletics had been haphazardly integrated for decades. At UCLA, for example, Robinson starred in baseball, football, basketball, track, tennis, golf, and swimming. 2) The California winter baseball league was integrated, though not its individual teams. 3) In the Caribbean winter leagues, race meant even less. Many teams had black and white American stars playing in the same lineups, with few problems. 4) In the mid Forties, a Mexican mogul raided both the Negro and the Major Leagues to stock his summer Mexican League's integrated teams. (Among 18 big-leaguers heading south after the 1945 season was Dodger catcher Mickey Owen. Whether this increased competition for whites encouraged the Dodgers' owner, Branch Rickey, to plunder the Negro Leagues is unknown, but it certainly didn't hurt.) 5) Semi-pro ball, which was hugely popular before TV, was surprisingly integrated. For instance, in 1935, Bismarck, North Dakota, fielded an awesome team, half white, half black, lead by the fabled pitcher Satchel Paige. Soon, practically every town in the Dakotas boasted "semipros" lured from the Negro Leagues. 6) Barnstorming was the chaotic epitome of Disorganized Baseball, requiring only two teams willing to play and a crowd willing to pay. In many Midwestern villages, the annual athletic highlight was the arrival of a Negro Leagues squad to play the local semipros. 7) Each October the black Satchel Paige All Stars and the white Dizzy Dean All Stars barnstormed the nation together. (Predictably, the blacks won a sizable majority of these games.) During World War II, Paige could claim to be the highest-paid player in all of baseball.

In the liberal world-view, discrimination stems from ignorance of the actual talents of blacks. In baseball, the opposite was true.

In the liberal world-view, discrimination stems from prejudice, from ignorance of the actual talents of blacks. In organized baseball, the opposite was true. White Major Leaguers freely admitted that many blacks could have taken white players' jobs. Yet, somehow, this enlightened perception failed to make the white pros into ardent integrationists. Meanwhile, a number of owners and managers tried to cheat on their gentlemen's agreement. For example, many historians claim that the Washington Senators quietly broke the color barrier in the late 1930s by playing Cubans dark enough to have been banned as Negroes if they had spoken English.

There was strikingly little correlation between the rectitude of the man and his urge to integrate baseball. For example, among managers the most creative was the choleric John J. McGraw, a ferocious scrapper who won ten pennants. In 1901 he almost succeeded in smuggling a light-skinned black second baseman onto his team as a full-blooded Cherokee named "Chief Tokohama." During World War II huckster Bill Veeck tried to buy the dreadful Philadelphia Phillies and stock them with Negro Leagues stars. Like all direct challenges, though, this was rebuffed by the autocratic Commissioner of Baseball, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. After the Chicago Black Sox threw the 1919 World Series, the owners had restored faith in the game by appointing Landis, who was famed for his strict moral standards—one of which was Segregation Forever. After the good Judge went to his reward in late 1944, the owners, hoping to lighten up, picked as Commissioner the Southern politician A. B. "Happy" Chandler. When Happy surprisingly indicated that he wouldn't veto black players, Branch Rickey set his plans in motion.

"Mahatma" Rickey was as renowned as Landis for his righteousness (as Rickey tirelessly reminded his players while chiseling down their salaries). No one should look down upon Rickey, however; pursue his self-interest he certainly did, but with infinitely more intelligence and courage than his rival owners. (Today's elite colleges, for example, have yet to produce their own Branch Rickey, a school president brave enough to dump affirmative ac-

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tion.) Rickey chose Robinson because they had so much in common: both were Methodists who didn't smoke, drink, or chase women, and both were smart enough to know the historic importance of their undertaking. Most importantly, both were too competitive to back down.

Further undermining the naïve presumption that breaking the color line was an act of progressive piety was the key role played by Rickey's favorite field manager, the little ferret Leo Durocher. Bonding the Mahatma and Leo the Lip was a shared passion for victory and money. During spring training in 1947, Rickey scheduled a series between the Dodgers and Robinson's minor-league team. He hoped that when the Dodger players saw Robinson's talents, they would demand his promotion. Instead, fearing for their jobs or those of their friends, they said nothing. But when some Dodgers from Dixie actively protested against Robinson, Durocher deflated their mutiny: "I don't care if the guy is yellow or black, or if he has stripes like a f——— zebra. I'm the manager of this team, and I say he plays. What's more, I say he can make us all rich. And if any of you can't use the money, I'll see that you are all traded."

WHAT lessons can we learn from this tangled tale? A few simple ones seem to leap out. The more greed and lust for victory, the less discrimination. The more competition between teams and businesses, the more cooperation between the races. In contrast, the more collusion, centralization, community standards, and concern for the feelings of people you know, the more bias. If we now look at the remarkable impact that the first few dozen blacks had on Major League baseball, we can confirm the Chicago School's theory that competition tends to make irrational discrimination self-defeatingly expensive.

The 1946 World Series looked as if it would be only the first of many between the Boston Red Sox and the St. Louis Cardinals. Led by Ted Williams, the greatest hitter since Babe Ruth, the 1946 Red Sox had won an exceptional 104 games, losing only 50. The Cardinals, meanwhile, had *averaged* 104 wins per season during the four seasons that the young Stan Musial had anchored their lineup. Both leftfielders would long remain superlative hitters. As late as 1957 Musial led the National League (NL) with a batting average of .351, while Williams topped even that with .388, the highest average between the Roosevelt and Carter Administrations. Yet neither man ever returned to the World Series. Why not?

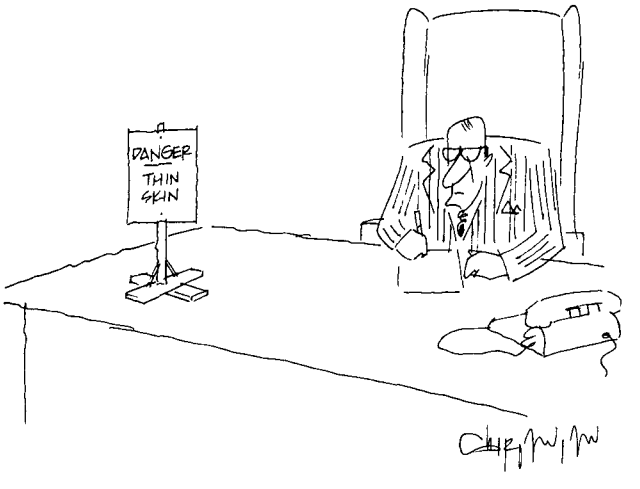
Largely because of St. Louis's and Boston's boneheaded bigotry. With Robinson apprenticing in the minors throughout the 1946 season, the Brooklyn Dodgers finished two games behind the Cards. In 1947, Rookie of the Year Robinson made the difference, as the Dodgers edged the Cards for the pennant. Jackie instantly became the league's biggest draw, with the Dodgers setting NL records for both home and away attendance. During each pre-season alone, Robinson earned his annual salary from the huge Southern crowds, black and white, that turned out to cheer and boo him at Dodger exhibitions. (By barnstorming through Dixie, Rickey was exposing Robinson to a real threat of assassination, as well as the insults of Jim Crow, but, hey, the money was too good to pass up.)

Rickey followed up his masterstroke by signing more Negro Leagues stars like Roy Campanella and Don Newcombe. During Robinson's ten-year tenure, Brooklyn's dividends for desegregating first were six NL titles, fueled by black Dodgers' winning five Most Valuable Player awards and four Rookie of the Year awards.

In contrast, St. Louis frittered away the heart of Musial's stupendous career by not obtaining a black regular until Curt Flood in 1958. The Cards paid a brutal price for discriminating. During the first four years they had Stan the Man (up through 1946), the Cards won almost 18 more games per year than the Dodgers. But during the Robinson era, the Cards fell to nearly 13 victories per year fewer than the Dodgers, a monumental swing of over 30 wins per 154-game season. The Cardinals stubbornly ignored blacks until Augie Busch bought the team in 1954. Fearing a black boycott of Budweiser, he immediately ordered his scouts to find black players, but by then the easy pickings were gone. Although too late for Musial, Busch's integration move finally paid off in the 1960s, as blacks like Flood, Lou Brock, and Bob Gibson became the core of great Cardinal teams.

As could be expected, the National League, which had been sorely trailing the American League (AL) in superstars since the days of Ty Cobb, more aggressively pursued black talent. By the mid Fifties all NL teams except the Cardinals and the hapless Phillies featured at least one black headed for the Hall of Fame. Between 1949 and 1962, blacks won 11 of the 14 NL MVP awards, while no black was the AL MVP until Yankee catcher Elston Howard in 1963. And the AL lacked an African-American superstar until Frank Robinson arrived via a 1966 trade and promptly showed the league what it had been missing by capturing the rare Triple Crown for batting.

Integration electrified the NL's style of play, as blacks showed that sluggers didn't have to be sloggers—e.g., Willie Mays led the league four times in home runs and four times in stolen bases. The balance of power shifted away from the slow, complacent American League. The AL had won 12 of the 16 All Star games played in the Thirties and Forties, but could capture only 5 of the 24 held in the Fifties and Sixties.



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Where competition is not particularly intense, however, discrimination can linger. In the AL, the New York Yankees ruled, winning 29 of 44 pennants from 1921 to 1964. Not surprisingly, the Yankees saw little need to rush into integrating, especially after they signed Mickey Mantle, a white man even faster and stronger than the NL's black stars. With most of the AL not expecting to dethrone the Yankees (indeed, some forlorn AL franchises subsisted by routinely selling their top prospects to the Yankees), most other AL teams also lagged at integrating.

The main exception was the Cleveland Indians. Under master promoter Bill Veeck, in 1948 the Tribe suddenly overtook the Red Sox as the Yankees' chief challenger. The Indians edged out the Red Sox for the pennant that year by a single game, a difference more than accounted for by their two blacks, outfielder Larry Doby and a 42-year-old rookie phenom named Paige. As the AL's most integrated team, from 1948 to 1956 the Tribe would average 94 wins, peaking with a 111–43 record in 1954, the best anywhere since 1906. In comparison, under the ownership of beloved philanthropist Tom Yawkey, the Red Sox would fade into mediocrity, wasting Williams's bat as they refused to play a black man until 1959. Still, to be fair, the Red Sox did take only seven more years to hire a black than the Braves—the Osaka Braves, that is.

WHILE the complete integration of baseball through competition took longer than we would have liked, it's worth contrasting baseball's record to the civil-rights milestones dependent upon the Federal Government. For example, the vaunted 1954 *Brown* decision remained mostly a symbol until the Nixon Administration began broadly enforcing it 15 years later. Likewise, although the decline in job discrimination in the South in the 1960s is often attributed to the 1964 Civil Rights Act, little of the now vast array of bureaucratic and legal machinery for enforcing that law existed before the end of that decade. Far more beneficial during the 1960s than pestering private companies was federal intervention freeing up the Southern economy by cracking down on state-authorized discrimination, whether imposed by legislatures or by mobs winked at by local authorities. These gains became permanent under the most wholly successful civil-rights law, the 1965 Voting Rights Act. By finally establishing a competitive market for political power, this law rapidly made hatemongering unprofitable for Southern office-seekers.

Today, conservatives tend to lionize the 1964 Civil Rights Act for embodying color-blindness. In denouncing quotas while supporting anti-discrimination laws, however, the Right shows a surprising faith in the ability of government bureaucrats and judges to decide case by case which private hiring decisions were tainted by bias. In reality, close study of possible instances of discrimination shows why the sainted 1964 act made quotas inevitable. Frequently, no outsider, and sometimes not even those involved, can know which of the many possible reasons for an employment decision was actually conclusive.

For example, the Yankees first employed black minor-leaguers in 1949 but didn't promote any to the big club until 1955. Was this long delay caused by discrimination? If you assume that any team in the early 1950s that didn't have a few blacks must have been discriminating, it appears obvious that the Yankees were guilty. But if you reject this kind of statistical or quota-based reasoning, how do you find the smoking gun? Did the Yankees trade away their top prospect, the black Puerto Rican Vic Power, for his uppitiness (when a Southern waitress once told him, "I'm sorry, but we don't serve Negroes here," he blithely replied, "That's OK, I don't eat them")? Or were they sincere in claiming they'd lost faith in his potential?

It's worth contrasting baseball's record of integration to the civil-rights milestones dependent upon the Federal Government.

Or both? Presumably bias played a role, since Power turned out to be a good (though not great) Major Leaguer. But who can say for sure? Ballclubs constantly make honest mistakes about minor-leaguers (in the same period, the integrated Dodgers discarded another young black Puerto Rican, the great Roberto Clemente). Did the Yankees then force their other most promising black minor-leaguer, outfielder Elston Howard, to convert to catcher in order to delay his rise to the big leagues? Possibly, but this time the Yankees proved right, as Howard became an MVP behind the plate.

This ambiguity inherent in so many hiring decisions explains why aggressive anti-discrimination laws always end up impelling employers toward quotas. Unfortunately, racial quotas have numerous side effects. While the overall impact of reverse discrimination remains harshly controversial, we can safely say that year by year quotas' benefits to blacks diminish while quotas' costs to blacks rise. Since strong anti-bias laws make quotas inevitable and quotas are inexorably becoming a net harm to blacks, then logic would imply that we must eventually repeal enforcement of the Civil Rights Act's prohibitions against discrimination by competitive employers.

How, then would we fight racism in hiring? I suggest: in roughly the same way as we now deter its cousin, nepotism. In noncompetitive organizations like government agencies, laws often ban nepotistic hiring. On the other hand, the government allows the market to police competitive firms. If a CEO promotes Junior and he turns out to be inept, well, the firm pays the price in lost profits.

Our country is probably several years away from even beginning to grasp this logic, but in the long run it may prove compelling. Conservatives, however, can't seize the rational high ground until they stop leaping to defend institutions they, especially, should be wary of—e.g., unions, regulated monopolies, and government agencies—against the threat of racial quotas. True, competition does restrain irrational discrimination. But where competition is lacking—such as in government monopolies like police and fire departments, or in labor unions, which exist to negate competition—then quotas can sometimes be necessary to put a price on discrimination. □

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NOTHING IS CERTAIN BUT . . .

Dole and Taxes

For better and for worse, America's tax structure as we approach century's end has Bob Dole's fingerprints all over it.

STEPHEN MOORE

'I'VE GOT some good news and some bad news," Bob Dole often quipped in private during the Reagan years. "The good news is that a bus carrying a group of supply-side economists drove over a cliff and all aboard were killed. The bad news is that there were three empty seats."

Bob Dole is the first person in Washington to acknowledge that Bob Dole is no supply-side tax-cutter. In fact, for nearly twenty years now Bob Dole has been tangling with the anti-tax forces in the Republican Party. It was a back-bench Republican named Newt Gingrich who, after Dole steered the odious 1982 Tax Equity and Fiscal Responsibility Act (TEFRA) through Congress, smacked the Kansas senator with the title that has stuck for all these years: "the tax collector for the welfare state."

But Dole's record is more complicated than that. Yes, as Pat Buchanan and Steve Forbes have been saying, Bob Dole has voted for 19 tax increases in his 35 years in Congress, adding up to a Mount Everest-sized $962-billion increase in the tax burden. But Dole is quick to retort: "I've voted *against* sixty tax increases." Most recently, he fought like a pit bull against Bill Clinton's 1993 tax hike. Moreover, Dole skillfully quarterbacked Ronald Reagan's 1981 tax-cut package through the Senate Finance Committee. And Dole was the original Senate sponsor of the key provision of the 1981 tax bill that indexed tax brackets to inflation—ending a decade of stealth tax increases on the middle class.

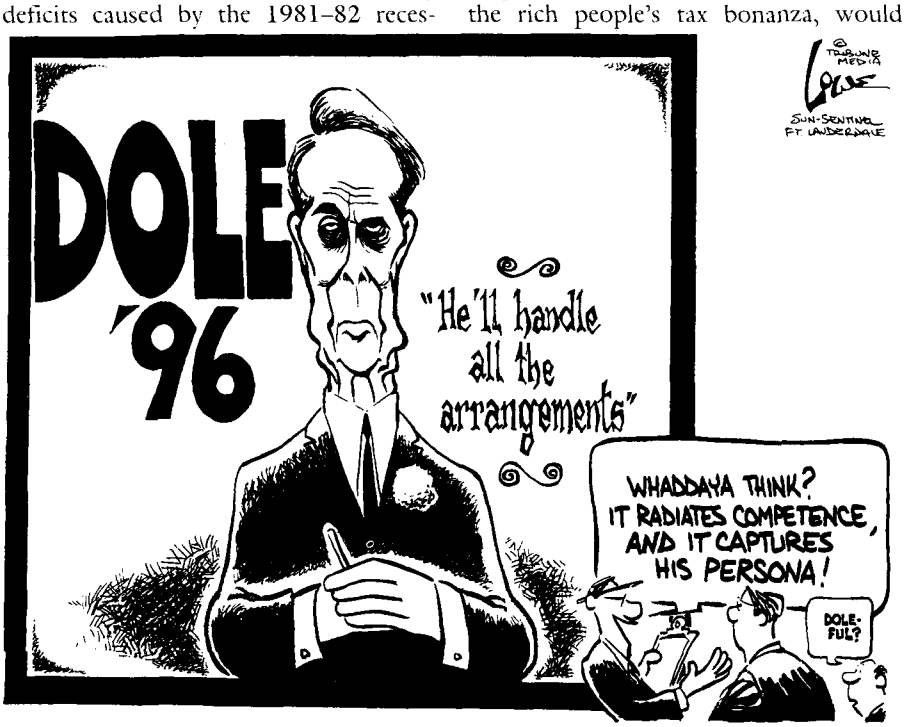
The truth is that there has scarcely been a single tax bill—whether cutting the burden or raising it—over the past twenty years that doesn't have Bob Dole's imprint on it. As Republican strategists prepare to skewer Clinton in the fall campaign for enacting "the largest tax hike in world history," they would just as soon forget that their own candidate helped bully through Congress the next three largest peacetime tax increases in history.

All of this is to say that as voters prepare to spend the next seven months searching for the soul of Bob Dole, his voluminous tax record is a good place to start looking.

Let us begin with TEFRA. Enacted on the heels of the triumphant passage of the Reagan tax cuts, this $100-billion three-year tax hike reflected the panic of GOP moderates over the escalating deficits caused by the 1981–82 recession. Dole championed the tax hike with great gusto. He then—with the help of White House aides Jim Baker, Michael Deaver, David Stockman, and, yes, Richard Darman—persuaded Ronald Reagan to accept the promise of $3 of spending cuts for every $1 of tax hikes. Dole then somehow persuaded every Republican on the Finance Committee to vote for the election-year tax hike, while all the Democrats on the committee and on the floor voted nay. Dole pleaded for replenishing the federal beast's food supply by stating: "We Republicans have a responsibility to show leadership, to legislate effectively, and to keep the public interest always before us." (Republicans, be warned: Throughout the last 15 years, Dole's favorite euphemism for raising taxes has been "leadership.")

TEFRA proved to be a wholesale surrender in the Reagan crusade to cut big government. The $3 of spending cuts was always a fairy tale—in fact, spending accelerated and deficits doubled in TEFRA's wake. The praise for TEFRA from the Left should have been a tip-off. The *Washington Post* called it "bold and reasoned"; *The New Republic* labeled it "Democratic in spirit."

But most of the liberals' praise was reserved for Bob Dole himself. George McGovern admired the way "Dole has grown in office." *The New Republic* wrote: "Who would have thought that Sen. Bob Dole, bad boy Republican vice-presidential candidate in 1976 and co-perpetrator with Ronald Reagan of the rich people's tax bonanza, would



Mr. Moore is director of fiscal-policy studies at the Cato Institute.

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emerge as the tax hero of 1982? Well, it's happened . . . to the horror of right-wing ideologues." The most honest assessment came from then chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, Dan Rostenkowski. "Let's face it," he beamed, "Republicans wrote a tax bill that has been in the bottom drawer of Democratic tax reformers for years."

TEFRA ignited internecine warfare within the GOP. Sophomore Rep. Newt Gingrich publicly called the Dole bill "a turkey" and added: "I was elected in 1978 and 1980 to help build a team that would cut spending, cut taxes, and bring government spending under control. But now in 1982 people who think like me are being asked (by people I used to think thought like me) to give up strategic principle for tactical muddling through . . ." Dole's eternal nemesis Jack Kemp corralled Gingrich and seventy other conservative House members who pledged to reject what they called the "largest legislated peacetime tax increase in history."

Conservatives outside Congress also revolted. The Heritage Foundation called the bill a "breach of faith." Columnist Pat Buchanan fumed that this "disastrous" bill is "a Republican surrender of the principles of supply-side economics: a confession their adversaries were right all along." Most savage in his critique was William F. Buckley Jr., who wrote: "Robert Dole . . . has baptized the bill as a Republican measure so that Republicans will have the choice of explaining to their constituents that either a) Americans are undertaxed; or b) Reagan made an awful ass of himself in 1981 by asking for more tax reductions than he should have done." He concluded presciently: "The Dole tax bill means the collapse of Reaganomics."

It's not altogether clear that Dole minded that prospect very much. When asked about Democrats' welching on the 3 to 1 ratio of spending cuts to tax hikes, Dole scoffed that his top priority had always been restoring "tax equity"—thereby buttressing the liberal line that the Reagan tax cut was inequitable. In late 1982, in the final stage of the recession, Dole relegated the Kemp–Reagan supply-side revolution to the dustbin of history. "It might have worked," he mused. "We'll never know." When confronted with supply-side challenges to the wisdom of TEFRA, Dole would dismissively retort that there "are not so many supply-siders as there once were"—as if Kemp, Laffer, Wanniski, et al. had crawled back under the rocks whence they had come.

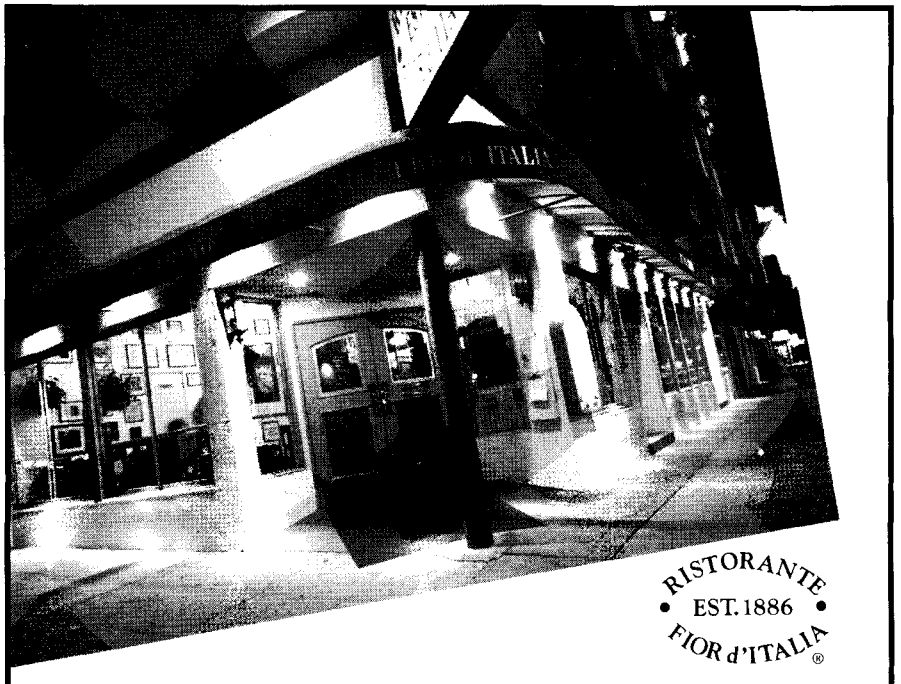
JUST six months later, Dole was again stumping for more taxes. In February 1983 he helped muscle through Congress a $120-billion increase in the Social Security payroll tax—this the third heftiest peacetime tax hike in history—in order to "rescue the system" from insolvency. The *Washington Post* saluted the package as being "as close to absolute fairness as any Social Security revision can ever be." Dole's co-conspirator Pat Moynihan proclaimed the bill "a grand success," proving that "there is a center in American politics, and the center can govern." Of course, conservatives had hoped that the center wouldn't be doing much governing during a Reagan Presidency.

Again, the rightward half of the congressional GOP resisted. Rep. Bill Archer warned that the bill would "do nothing to alter the fundamental flawed structure of Social Security . . . and transfers the burden of supporting the system's shortcomings to future generations." Archer has been proved right. Social Security was supposed to remain solvent for 75 years, or through 2056, but the drop-dead date has been fast-forwarded to 2029. The "trust fund" is now in a $5-trillion actuarial black hole. That's some fix.

Dole's ultimate triumph in 1983 was in convincing Reagan to sign on to the deeply flawed package. Indeed, when Dole is challenged on the 1982 and 1983 tax hikes he retorts that they couldn't be all bad, because Ronald Reagan signed them into law. This is hardly comforting. Throughout the 1980s, whenever Reagan's instincts were wrong, there was Bob Dole urging him onward.

Two months later, in April 1983, Dole was hunting for revenues again. He told *Forbes* magazine that because the deficit projections had again worsened—TEFRA had flopped—"we can't do it all on spending reductions. We may have to do it on the revenue side." Dole even suggested that it "may be time to compromise on the indexing provisions, or defer them." Mercifully, by now Reagan was prepared to quash all further tax hikes.

Then came the GOP's darkest hour, George Bush's 1990 budget deal, with Bob Dole leading the way. When then



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Whip Newt Gingrich led the GOP House revolt against the $150-million tax-hike package, Dole scathingly attacked conservatives who "never made a tough vote in their lives." In normal congressional combat, such viciousness is reserved for the other party, but Dole sometimes forgets which team he's on.

Bush's stated non-negotiable position during the budget talks was no increase in income-tax rates. Dole was the first Republican to break ranks on this point, proposing a 31 per cent top rate, up from 28 per cent, in order to "push the negotiations forward." (To be fair, the White House may have asked Dole to test the waters for an idea that Darman and Sununu had already secretly planned to endorse.) Dole's proposed rate hike on top earners was cloaked in the rhetoric of liberalism—"we have to make sure we're raising taxes in a progressive way"—and played into the hands of the redistributionists.

Dole wasn't done steering the negotiations leftward. He next announced he was ready to bail out on the Administration's proposal to cut capital-gains taxes —the only remaining reason for this whole dreadful exercise. Now the GOP had caved on every demand it had brought to the table. Dole announced that capital-gains revision should be "passed separately"—a kinder and gentler way of saying, Not at all.

Those cynics who say that Bob Dole lacks fire and conviction have never seen him on the Senate floor fighting for a tax increase. To secure passage of the 1990 deal, Dole made impassioned pleas about "responsibility," "tough choices," and "sacrifice." At one point he challenged opponents of the bill to "look any of those 200,000 young men and women fighting in the Gulf War in the eye, and say, Well, I made a sacrifice, I voted not to raise the gas tax." And just who could vote no after that? Most of all, this vote was about the L-word, with such pleadings as "leadership, you pay a penalty for leadership, if you don't want to pay it you ought to find another line of work." Ultimately, of course, Dole prevailed; this magnificently unpopular tax hike was enacted; and, for good or evil, the Bush Presidency was lost.

For understandable reasons, conservatives are trying to be hopeful that the Bob Dole of 1996 is not the Bob Dole of 1982, or 1983, or 1990. The Bob Dole of 1996, after all, has signed (grudgingly) Grover Norquist's "no new taxes" pledge—which Norquist says he transported in an armored truck to a safe-deposit box, "just in case the Dole people later try to destroy the evidence." It's certainly wise to be wary of Dole's anti-tax sincerity. Supply-side guru Jude Wanniski recalls that Dole eagerly courted his support for many weeks last summer, but the day Kemp was out of the race, "Dole stopped returning my phone calls."

A strong case can be made that conservatives and supply-siders are better off taking their chances with Dole than suffering through four more years of the Clintons. But tax-cutters should not be too confident that Bob Dole will not continue to "grow in office." □

Fortress Europe

When German and French politicians use the language of federalism, beware.

JOHN LAUGHLAND

WHEN European leaders meet in Turin on March 29 to launch a year-long Inter-Governmental Conference on reforming the European Union's institutions, Americans should pause for thought. The conference has two aims: to maintain the political momentum toward the introduction of a European currency in 1999 and to create a common European foreign and defense policy. Although they initially appear unconnected, these aims are in reality two sides of the same illiberal and anti-American coin.

Indeed, supporters of European integration commonly affirm that their project is incompatible with the liberal order. A recently published French textbook on the European Union argues that the main threat to European integration is free trade. "Combining the tyrannical aspects of the 'socialist countries' in Eastern Europe, and the organizational elements of the socialisms of Western Europe," it argues improbably, "liberalism, in economics, has been, and still is, the major source of the European Community's weakness." Just as President Chirac extolled the victory of "European values" over the ideology of world liberalism at the EU summit in Madrid last December, so Chancellor Kohl insists that the European Union must at all costs avoid "descending" or "being dissolved" into "a sort of superior free-trade zone."

Two links are usually adduced between the IGC's twin aims. First, it is argued that there cannot be a stable European currency if Europe's states have divergent fiscal, economic, and even foreign policies. The second is more directly political: because Europe's federalists think of money as an instrument of power, rather than as a means of exchange, they believe that the creation of a big European-currency area will make Europe more powerful on the international stage, especially vis-à-vis the United States.

Such monetary machismo suggests that the single-currency project has little to do with consolidating the single market, and everything to do with finding a protectionist substitute for structural economic reforms in Europe. This is especially clear in the case of Germany, whose role in the realization of the single currency is pivotal. Germany is being stifled by the cosy corporatist arrangements between its government, the big banks, industry, and the unions, which have governed the country since the war. With the highest wage costs in the world, German businesses now have their labor relations dictated by thousand-page books of regulations; for example, they need written permission from the state government before asking their employees to work overtime on Sundays. The consequence is an unprecedented flight of jobs, investment, and industrial production from Germany into cheaper neighboring countries. Unemployment has already reached postwar records.

Mr. Laughland's next book, on the ideology of European integration, will be published by Little Brown in November.

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But neither citizens nor politicians are prepared to grasp the nettle of structural change. Like other Europeans, the Germans have become lazy: when Volkswagen employees were asked to work longer hours last year, they refused, saying that they needed time "to live, laugh, and love." Faced with these problems, German politicians and big business want to lock their major trading partners into a single-currency system in order to prevent Germany's high industrial costs from being aggravated by an expensive currency. The German economy is highly dependent on exports, and 70 per cent of those exports go to EU countries. Similarly, labor unions want to harmonize other countries' wages upward to German levels in order to protect themselves from competition. This month, indeed, the German government has made it illegal for a non-German construction worker (a Briton, for instance) to work for less pay than a German.

Other Europeans agree that the appropriate response to the challenge of the global economy is to flee it. Moreover, the prospect of German-style federalism at the European level appeals to their bureaucratic understanding of politics itself. Just as the leading minds in the British Labour Party love the idea of German-style workers' councils and, typically for Keynesians, are fascinated by the corporatist control wielded by the big German banks over the economy, so European federalists sincerely think that an entire continent can be governed by a central bank. They seem to hold that the natural human activity of politics can be suppressed in favor of technocratic regulation of the economy by an international committee meeting in secret.

German federalism is very different from American federalism. Unlike American states, the German *Länder* have almost no legislative or tax-raising powers, and thus little political or financial independence from the federal government. Indeed, as represented in the Federal Council (or Senate), the *Länder* are part of the federal government. Consequently, federalism in Germany is basically just administrative decentralization: funds voted in Bonn are dispensed through the regional structures.

This flows from, and reinforces, a crucial difference in political philosophy between America and continental Europe. In the American tradition, a balance of interests is supposed to be generated best by the natural conflict and free competition between different centers of government, as well as by a high degree of personal autonomy. By contrast, the European fear of conflict is such that, at best, decentralization is practiced only for the most innocuous matters and, at worst, never even contemplated if there is any danger that states might actually use their powers to derogate from the overall "project," stipulated from on high, with which they are all supposed to concur. Similarly, the European ideology generally equates individualism with selfishness.

It is these presuppositions about politics which explain why a common European foreign and security policy also has illiberal implications. Corporatist in her internal arrangements, Germany cannot conceive of any other form of safe interaction between states than a kind of super-corporatism at the supranational level. German politicians—Chancellor Kohl in first place, who says that monetary union "is a question of war and peace for Europe in the twenty-first century"—habitually reject the idea that European nations should interact flexibly and freely with one another, for they identify such freedom with the anarchy and power-politics of which Germany herself made such a specialty in this century. As the German president of the European Parliament said, "Never again must a state be so sovereign that it can decide between war and peace."

Moreover, being in the middle of Europe, surrounded by potential enemies,

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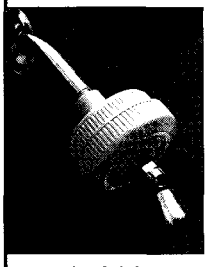

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and being the most powerful European country, Germany knows that she is often the victim of coalitions against her. She wants to escape that historic fate by welding together a "hard core" of five or six European states (the others being France, the Benelux countries, and, perhaps, Austria), of which she represents 50 per cent in terms of population, into the political and economic center of the Continent, around which the other European states will orbit.

When this "hard core" plan, of which monetary union is the defining basis, was first advanced by the ruling German Christian Democrats in September 1994, they made clear that its primary function was to facilitate the creation of a common European foreign and defense policy. They explained that the end of the Cold War had left Germany exposed to potential insecurity on her Eastern flank, and that a "special partnership between the EU and Russia" was the solution. Time and again since then, German and French leaders have insisted that "Security and stability in Europe can be achieved only with, and not against, Russia."

THE purpose of the hard core, in other words, is to serve as the Western pillar of a pan-European security condominium, of which the other pillar is to be Russia. The implications of this are already becoming clear. When Chancellor Kohl went to Moscow in February, he pleaded for Western "understanding" of Russia's opposition to NATO enlargement. He thereby implicitly conceded the Russians' right to determine which security alliances her former satellite states may join. Like President Chirac, Kohl evidently believes that a security partnership with Russia is possible and desirable, even despite her unambiguous abandonment of the "Sinatra doctrine" —Gennadi Gerasimov's slogan, according to which European states could "do it their way"—which was supposed to have been the necessary pre-condition for the end of the Cold War.

Two things are clear. First, the construction of such an alliance requires the appeasement of Russia. Indeed, the more of their own civilians the Russians bomb to death, the more quickly European politicians scurry to Moscow to call Mr. Primakov their "friend" and the Chechen war "a regrettable hitch," as the French Foreign Minister did in February. The more hysterical Russia's attacks on NATO become (Russia once accused NATO of genocide against the Bosnian Serbs) the more European politicians try—in the German Foreign Minister's words—"to calm Russian fears of being isolated."

Second, a pan-European security structure can only mean one thing: collective security. Concretely, this means that NATO can be enlarged only when it is transmogrified from a defense alliance against attack from outside into a kind of trans-continental military police force, designed to maintain "internal" European order. The alliance's clear defensive aims and ability to act would then be clouded over with the obscurantism of "crisis management" and "conflict prevention." The practical meaning of these slogans was amply demonstrated by the Bosnian escapade. Russia would be delighted if Western Europe were thus neutralized, the American role reduced, and her own role in European affairs augmented.

Thus, although European politicians always stress their continued support for NATO, they have in fact forgotten what has made it work. A near-lone voice in Germany, that of the contemporary historian and prominent newspaper columnist Professor Arnulf Baring, has been trying desperately to make the Germans realize what he thinks they have forgotten: that their only really sure ally is the United States. But it is precisely because the French know that the Germans have indeed forgotten this that they are now suddenly ready to re-join NATO's structures.

In other words, the illiberal aims of the single currency dovetail with the anti-American aims of a common European defense and foreign policy. This link is often quite explicit. A French commentator argued in January that "The European Union must intervene in the evolution of the planet in the name of an ideology other than that of frenzied liberalism. This is why Europe has an absolute need for a single currency. . . . Only the European Union can allow 'Rhenish capitalism' to resist 'Anglo-Saxon capitalism.'" Similarly, a group of French and German parliamentarians stated last October that the creation of the European currency was intended "to serve fundamental political and strategic goals," foremost of which was "the creation of a *new economic and social world order*." Now, where have we heard that one before? □

Red Menace—Really

Whatever the sins of Joe McCarthy, yes, there really were Communists under the bed.

ARCH PUDDINGTON

DURING his 1984 presidential campaign, Jesse Jackson relied for foreign-policy advice on a man who had a history of activism in Communist Party affairs. This fact was of some importance, given Jackson's fulsome praise for Fidel Castro, the Sandinistas, and Third World radicalism generally. The advisor's Communist ties, however, were almost completely ignored.

Nor did the press delve into the political affiliations of Ewart Guinier, during the controversy over the appointment of his daughter, Lani Guinier, to the Justice Department. Guinier senior was, in fact, an active supporter of Henry Wallace in 1948 and, for a time at least, sympathetic to Communism, if not a party member. This was a detail of at least some minor relevance given Lani Guinier's testimony about the great influence her father had on her political views.

Bella Abzug's past Communist affiliations are a matter of public record, as is her lifelong enthusiasm for pro-Communist regimes in places like Vietnam and Nicaragua. The media, nonetheless, failed to note the oddity of a one-time sympathizer with totalitarianism serving as the standard-bearer for human rights

Mr. Puddington, senior scholar for Freedom House, is currently writing a history of Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty.

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at the United Nations later conference in Peking.

Had Jesse Jackson's aide been a follower of Marcus Garvey instead of Josef Stalin, this fact would have been mentioned. Had Ewart Guiner been active in the America First movement, the press would surely have asked his daughter whether she shared her father's isolationist views—just as reporters interrogated Pat Buchanan about *his* father. Had Bella Abzug been a lapsed Catholic, the press would have taken careful note.

THERE are many and complex reasons why a past record of Communist sympathies has become the great unmentionable of American political biography. Perhaps the most important reason is that liberal culture regards Communists as the ultimate victims of American political repression—but victims of a very peculiar variety. For while Sakharov, say, or Bukovsky openly defied what they judged to be illegitimate authority, American Communists have mostly hidden their affiliation—and for good reason. After all, popular sympathy for a professor purged from his teaching position during the McCarthy era would be considerably dampened if it were known that he had applauded the 1948 repression of Czechoslovakia or written an encomium to Stalinist justice during the show trials of the late Thirties.

Conventional liberal opinion, furthermore, has conspired with these alleged victims to suppress the details of their histories. There were, however, two anti-Communist charges that were not simply ignored, but denied outright. The first involved accusations of widespread involvement in Soviet espionage by Communist Party members. The second involved charges that the American party was under the domination of the Kremlin. These amounted to anti-Communist first principles, and if they could be discredited, then other aspects of the anti-Communist argument would be cast into doubt as well.

Thus David Caute argued in *The Great Fear* (1978) that, "*There is no documentation in the public record of a direct connection between the American Communist Party and espionage during the entire postwar period*" (emphasis his). Caute suggested that at the source of the charges could be found a peculiarly American form of nativist paranoia.

Over the last several years, however, evidence has emerged that finally enables us to clear up some of the most acrimonious Cold War disputes. The question of American Communism's subservience to the Kremlin was pretty well laid to rest last year by *The Secret World of American Communism*. This work—edited by two leading American historians of Communist affairs, Harvey Klehr and John Earl Haynes, with the help of a Russian researcher, Fridrikh Igorevich Firsov—is based on American Communist Party files from the party's early days until the end of World War II; they had been shipped to Moscow for safe keeping, and were opened to the public only after the fall of the Soviet Union.

The files reproduced in *The Secret World of American Communism* (reviewed in these pages, by Eric Breindel June 12, 1995) reveal that the American party relied on Moscow for financing almost from its inception, indeed, without the assistance of the Soviet Union, there is little chance that the American party could have survived. The files also reveal that American Communists working in the State Department copied secret documents and sent them to American party officials, who presumably passed them along to the NKVD. The files also indicate that many party members worked for both the Office of Strategic Services (the predecessor of the CIA) and the Office of War Information (America's wartime propaganda office).

As to wartime Soviet intelligence, the most important source is the so-called Venona files. The Venona documents consist of coded messages transmitted by NKVD agents in the United States to their superiors in Moscow. These messages were intercepted by the American government, and sections of some two thousand messages were decrypted by the U.S. Army Signals Intelligence Service, forerunner to the National Security Agency.

Since the end of the Cold War, the government has begun releasing the Venona files a bit at a time. Three sets have now been released, revealing that over two hundred Americans were supplying information to the Soviets on everything from war production to diplomatic strategy. Most interesting, however, is material that solidifies the already powerful case against Alger Hiss.

Hiss appears in one crucial document under the code name "Ales." The mes-

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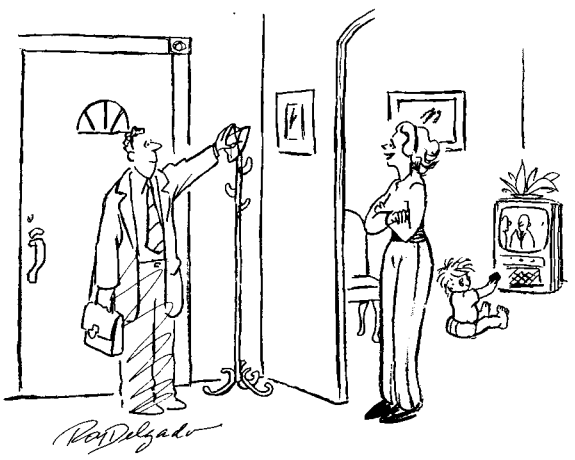
sage was sent to Moscow by the KGB station chief in Washington, and deals with a conversation between Hiss and his control agent in the United States. Certain pieces of background material in the message confirm the testimony of Whittaker Chambers: Ales, for example, is identified as an agent of Soviet military intelligence and as having worked for the State Department since 1935, details which were crucial to Chambers's testimony. It also identifies Ales as having attended the Yalta conference and as having taken a side trip to Moscow afterward. Only four American officials both attended Yalta and made the later visit to Moscow, and Hiss was the only one of the four whose history conforms to the Venona-cable information on Ales. With this document, the case on Alger Hiss is effectively closed.

The Venona material on I. F. Stone is also interesting, though of a somewhat different nature. The Soviets had apparently made an effort at recruiting Stone in the late Forties and early Fifties, when he was a rising star of liberal journalism. According to the Soviet agent who discussed matters with him, Stone was nervous about government investigations and complained about the crudity of Soviet recruitment efforts. Nevertheless, the agent depicts Stone as interested in forging a cooperative relationship, and also as very interested in getting paid for his efforts, at a time when he was regularly writing foreign-policy commentaries that, among other things, defended the Soviet takeover of Eastern Europe and placed total blame for the Korean War on America. Interestingly, Oleg Kalugin, a former KGB official who has revealed various secrets about Soviet intelligence efforts against America, once identified Stone as an American journalist who had received subsidies from Moscow right up until the Soviet repression of the Prague Spring in 1968. If this information is accurate, it would indicate that Stone's reputation for journalistic independence and iron integrity was thoroughly undeserved.

The Venona papers are also important for the light they shed on a number of other party members or sympathizers who were accused of passing secrets to the Soviets. Some of these figures attained legendary status over the years, and a crucial part of the legend was the notion that they were motivated by nothing but a zealous desire to win the war against Hitler. The most notorious are Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, whose names crop up frequently in the Venona messages. The Venona evidence is sufficient to have provoked the Rosenbergs' leading defenders, Walter and Miriam Schneir, to acknowledge that they had been mistaken in their insistence on the couple's innocence.

A lesser martyr was Cedric Belfrage, supposedly persecuted merely because he wrote several books denouncing the Cold War reign of terror in America. A British-born journalist and founder of the leftist newspaper the *National Guardian*, Belfrage had served as a liaison between American and British intelligence during the war. He was forced to leave America after being accused of turning over documents to the Soviets.



"Honey, the baby zapped his first commercial today!"

Another man depicted as a victim of Cold War hysteria was Maurice Halperin. Halperin fled to Mexico after having been accused of passing information to the Soviets while serving with the OSS. Eventually, he found his way to Cuba, where he lived for several years before settling in Canada.

Both Belfrage and Halperin were named as Soviet agents in the Venona documents. So were a number of other government officials involved in spy controversies: Duncan Lee, a legal advisor and assistant to OSS chief William Donovan; Lauchlin Currie, an aide to President Roosevelt; Laurance Duggan, a State Department official; and various other officials from the Treasury Department, OSS, and Board of Economic Warfare.

There are still many documents relating to the early Cold War waiting for release. Enough material has come to the surface, however, to enable us to draw some confident early conclusions.

—The nature of American Communism was very much as anti-Communists charged: a puppet of the Soviet party whose leaders were selected by Moscow and dismissed by Moscow, whose policies were formulated in the Kremlin, and whose financial survival depended on Soviet largesse.

—Several hundred U.S. Government employees who were either party members or sympathizers engaged in espionage on behalf of the Kremlin during the war for reasons of ideological conviction.

—On the crucial issue of the American party's role in promoting Soviet global interests, the early anti-Communists were altogether on the money.

To be sure, none of this absolves Joseph McCarthy of the charge that his ruthlessness and contempt for the truth did serious, permanent damage to the anti-Communist cause. But the recent findings help explain the context that enabled McCarthy to prosper. There was, after all, considerable resistance, by large segments of the political leadership, to acknowledging the dimensions of Communist espionage. This convinced some that extraordinary, and sometimes unsavory, methods were needed to break through the Establishment stonewall.

—The new findings deal a fatal blow to the revisionist scholars who have dominated the field of Communist Party studies for the past quarter-century. On the other hand, they most certainly remind us of the power of the Communist faith. Those named in the Venona files or in other sources have, with remarkably few exceptions, never spoken candidly about their party experiences—not to apologize, or justify, or even to explain how their convictions evolved as information about Stalin's Soviet Union trickled out. Their devotion to an alien idea and a hostile power rendered them a far greater threat to America than those, like Aldrich Ames, who cynically betrayed their country for money. If the early anti-Communists—most egregiously, Joseph McCarthy—have certain excesses to answer for, they can take consolation that on the cutting-edge issue of the Communist betrayal of America, their judgments have been thoroughly vindicated. □

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

March 16, 1996

TELEPHONE TRANSCRIPT NSA INTERCEPT
14 MARCH 1996 09:03 HOURS—09:36 HOURS
BEGIN INTERCEPT: 09:03 Static. Rusty? Static. Rusty, can you hear me? Static. Rusty? Are you on the satellite phone? Static. Hum. Electronic shriek. Click. Line dead.

09:05 UNIDENTIFIED MALE: Good morning, Mr. Vice President.

VPOTUS: Good morning, Dick.

UN.MALE: I have good news, Mr. Vice President. Steve Forbes is pulling out of the race.

VPOTUS: That is good news. All along I've said that he was only Republican who could beat us. Dynamic speaker. Good with the crowds.

UN.MALE: Yes, well. The point is, sir, that that leaves Bob Dole the Republican nominee. We'd like to start getting out the big guns. And we were wondering—

VPOTUS: You want me to give an environmental policy address?

UN.MALE: Well . . .

VPOTUS: Introduce new crime legislation?

UN.MALE: Actually . . .

VPOTUS: Talk tough on trade?

UN.MALE: Sir, what we'd like you to do—and this is just phase one, here—is publicly call Ross Perot a chicken and dare him to run for President.

VPOTUS: You want me to dare Ross Perot to run?

UN.MALE: And call him a chicken, sir.

VPOTUS: Um . . . I'm not sure . . .

UN.MALE: We've got you booked on Larry King next week. Think it over, sir. Click. Line dead.

09:17 FLOTUS: Good morning, Al.

VPOTUS: Good morning, Hillary.

FLOTUS: I just called to let you know that the new NBC News/Wall Street Journal poll has us up over Dole by 11 points.

VPOTUS: I read that. That's good news.

FLOTUS: But Bill's negatives are in the low forties.

VPOTUS: Yeah, well . . .

FLOTUS: And my negatives are in the low seventies.

VPOTUS: Yeah, well . . .

FLOTUS: You have negatives in the low teens.

VPOTUS: I've heard that.

FLOTUS: Watch yourself. Click. Line dead.

09:22 UNIDENTIFIED MALE: Hello, sir.

VPOTUS: Hi, Chris.

SENDODD: Sir, I'm just calling you to give you a heads up on our Senate re-election plans. We feel that the only way to regain control of the Senate is to set ourselves apart, to draw a contrast between, say, a Democrat and Newt Gingrich.

VPOTUS: Sounds great.

SENDODD: And it is great. It'll work. We also might have to triangulate in the other direction.

VPOTUS: How so?

SENDODD: You know, things like "Stop President Dole"—that kind of thing.

VPOTUS: Okay. I see where this is going.

SENDODD: And NAFTA. But—

VPOTUS: NAFTA?

SENDODD: The unions, sir. They're making us.

VPOTUS: Making you?

SENDODD: Hey, you pour $35 million into the Democratic Congressional Campaign, you can make me squeal like a pig, you know what I'm saying?

VPOTUS: I guess.

SENDODD: And we may run an ad like "Clinton's trying to steal your Medicare."

VPOTUS: What?

SENDODD: Sir, it's politics, okay.

VPOTUS: But the upcoming budget battle is going to result in a compromise. We're going to sign a balanced budget, with Medicare cuts.

SENDODD: I know. I'm all for it.

VPOTUS: You are?

SENDODD: How else are we going to get the Senate back? Click. Line dead.

09:33 SLOTUS: Hi, honey!

VPOTUS: Hey, Tip!

SLOTUS: I need you to run something by the ethics person in the West Wing. I just got the most gorgeous flower arrangement from a reporter and I want to know if it's okay to keep it.

VPOTUS: Wait a sec. Back up.

SLOTUS: I called the florist, who priced the arrangement at around $100, but it's an election year and I want everything to be squeaky clean.

VPOTUS: Who sent you flowers?

SLOTUS: Jim Stewart. So can I—

VPOTUS: Who's he?

SLOTUS: Honestly, Al. You're so out of the loop. He wrote the new book Blood Sport, about Whitewater, and I—

VPOTUS: So how come he's sending you flowers?

SLOTUS: Because he couldn't have written the book by himself. Click. Line dead.
END INTERCEPT.

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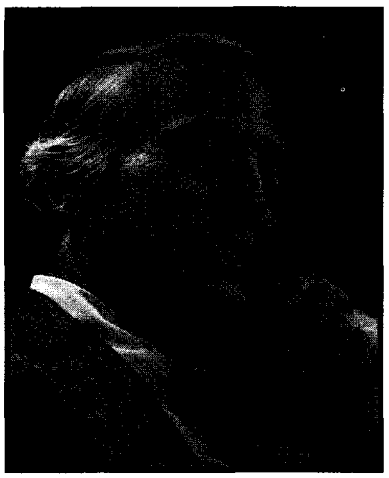
Bill Buckley and the editors of Nation



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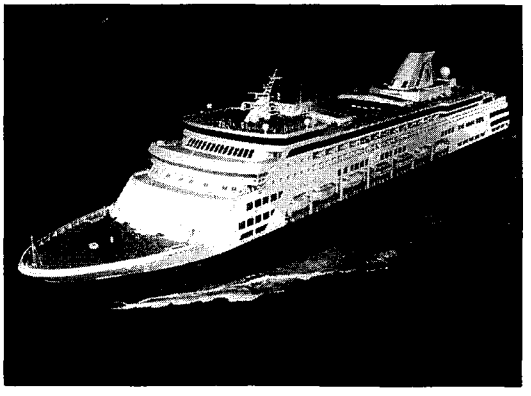

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Auden, a Conservative Hero

JAMES BOWMAN

READING this new biography is an experience in some ways like that of reading W. H. Auden himself. It is by turns bright and breezily witty, darkly but shrewdly profound, and infuriatingly obscure and allusive. Most interestingly, it allows us to see Auden's life, taken as a whole, as a progression—marked by many hesitancies and divagations—toward conservatism. Not that he would necessarily have subscribed to the budgetary priorities of Newt Gingrich or the flat tax of Steve Forbes. Still less would he have wished to be enrolled in the Christian Coalition. But his life is a reminder that, standing aloof from the titanic struggles and alliances between economic and social conservatism, there is a conservatism of the intellect and spirit which must also make itself heard as culture becomes more and more politicized.

By the time he died in 1973, Auden was a champion of this kind of conservatism: an advocate of intellectual and spiritual discipline and order, a fidelity to permanent truths—even though the political significance of such beliefs was only beginning to appear. It has still not altogether appeared to Mr. Davenport-Hines. Yet his story of Auden's life and poetic times naturally shapes itself as that of a clever man who grew into wisdom. In his premature old age (he died at 66) Auden was dirty, sick, lonely, forgetful, bitter, angry, unfriendly, and pathetic, but he had learned the lessons that the light-heartedly rebellious golden boy of the 1930s had to learn. And was glad to have learned them.

Auden, by Richard Davenport-Hines (Pantheon, 416 pp., $30)

For in addition to his cleverness, he had a heart that refused to be hardened by dogma and an intellectual integrity that refused to acquiesce in the self-deception that became a way of life for so many other intellectuals of the 1930s—even when he was as caught up in the political fashions of the period as any of them. Throughout his life, the downside of his remarkable intelligence was a tendency to glibness. Perhaps the most famous example was that line from "September 1, 1939," about how "We must love one another or die." As Randall Jarrell said in *Pictures from an Institution*, and as Auden himself knew very well, "This was silly. We must love one another *and* die." Likewise, his famous line about the "necessary murder" was one he regretted well before Orwell's even more famous attack on it.

Bonnie T. Gardner

Interestingly, Mr. Davenport-Hines attempts to justify Auden's original in both cases. This is not quite fair to a man who always insisted on his right to revise and who said that, for him, a poem was never finished, only abandoned. Later in life, when Lyndon Johnson misquoted "we must love one another or die" in his infamous girl-picking-daisies commercial during the 1964 campaign, Auden was so upset that not only did he try to suppress "September 1, 1939" ("the most dishonest poem I have ever written," he said; "I pray to God that I shall never be memorable like that again"), but he went back and revised all his early poems with a view to removing anything that might be used by a demagogue. "One cannot let one's name be associated with s—s," he wrote.

Typically, Auden himself had some interesting thoughts on glibness, as in his comments on the "mass of versified trash" that ensued upon the destruction of Lidice in 1942. To Auden, "what was really bothering the versifiers was a feeling of guilt at not feeling horror-struck enough." He thought that the only good poem on the subject would have been "one that revealed this lack of feeling, that told how when he read the news, the poet, like you and I [*sic*], dear reader, went on thinking about his fame or his lunch, and how glad he was that he was not one of the victims." There is perhaps glibness even in this, which could be seen as a psychological stratagem to justify one's own survival by generalizing one's indifference, as Auden also did, for example, in the classic "Musée des Beaux Arts." But his very conservative vigilance against easy emotional self-dramatization and pretending to feel more than one really does was a hard-earned victory over himself.

Thus he did not make the commonest mistake of our century's moral innovators: that of assuming that because he did a thing himself it must be right. His attitude to his own homosexuality, for instance, was complicated, but he said of it: "Of course it's a sin. We just have to hope that Miss God will forgive us." It is typical of his sometimes off-putting flippancy that he would have combined

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a moral judgment on himself with a camp epithet for God. But, as he also said: "People don't understand that it's possible to believe in a thing and ridicule it at the same time." He was never racked with guilt about his homosexual relationships, especially his thirty-year "marriage" with Chester Kallman—but this may have been partly because, by the time he turned Christian in the 1950s, they brought him very little joy. Especially that with Kallman, whose frequent infidelities were a constant agony to him.

One consequence of the suffering of his later years was that he became, in the words of Davenport-Hines, "among the most implacable of counter-revolutionaries against the spirit of the times, believing, as he later wrote, that 'Alienation from the Collective is always a duty.'" He came to see the image of the naked baby as the symbolic figure of the twentieth-century revolution--as, for example, the gentleman farmer was of the English revolution or the pioneer of the American.

> A baby has to be controlled, it has to be indoctrinated, it cannot be told more of the truth than it can profitably understand, so the present revolution is authoritarian and believes in censorship and propaganda. Since its values are really derived from medicine, from a concept of health, it is hostile to any nonconformity, any deviation from the norm. It is precisely, therefore, the exceptional man, the man of talent, the man who works alone, the man whom the French Revolution liberated and admired, who has become the object of greatest suspicion.

Hillary Clinton, take note!

Above all, he stood for rigorous probity in the use of words, for which he had a reverence at least as great as Orwell's. A year before he died he spoke of being "terrified" by the tide of linguistic corruption, which had advanced considerably since the 1930s. "I try by my personal example to fight it; and I say it's a poet's role to maintain the sacredness of language," he wrote. Perhaps as important in this postmodern age was his belief in the sacredness of real life as something distinct from words. "Nothing is lovely, not even in poetry, which is not the case," he wrote. It was a poet's declaration of allegiance to the sometimes depressing but always reliable permanencies of the world as it is, and of opposition to the literary and political fantasizing that have become so much more culturally prominent since his death. Even in the midst of his personal miseries in the late 1960s,

Scanning his fellow
Subway passengers, he asks:
"Can I really be
The only one in this car
Who is glad to be alive?"

The "duty to be happy" was one that he always took seriously, sometimes with unhappy results. But his determination to make poetry out of the world as he found it ought to make him one of our century's conservative heroes. □

All about the Eve

JOHN GRAY

IT is a natural inclination, as we approach the end of the present millennium, to take stock of our civilization and look to its future. If recent experience is any guide, however, much of that stock-taking will express the callowest futurism. It will consist of empty techno-utopian babble about the prospects of improvement that are opened up by new technologies, whose inherent ethical ambiguities and potential for harm will be ignored; triumphalist affirmations of the end of history that neglect the oldest lesson of history, which is that no form of government is ever secure or final; and confident predictions of a global civilization built on a Western model, made at just the historical moment when the many evidences of Western decline are encouraging non-Western peoples to return to their own traditional values.

On the Eve of the Millennium: The Future of Democracy through an Age of Unreason, by Conor Cruise O'Brien (Free Press, 166 pp., $12)

The shallow hopes that such fashionable futurism betrays are testimony to an undeniable truth: that all Western cultures, but above all the United States, are today children of the Enlightenment. They cannot help viewing themselves and the world through the lens of Enlightenment conceptions of steady historical progress toward a universal civilization, even though this lens has been shattered, not once but again and again, in our century. It was broken, above all, by the Holocaust, but also by the Gulag, the Cultural Revolution, the Cambodia of Pol Pot, and many a lesser atrocity.

A sober and dispassionate stock-taking of the Enlightenment is then needed, as a part of the assessment of our cultural condition that we are bound to embark upon as we near the millennium. It is difficult to think of a better survey of our civilization's current discontents than the one Conor Cruise O'Brien gives us in his short new book.

On the Eve of the Millennium comprises the Massey Lectures, given in November 1994 under the co-sponsorship of the University of Toronto and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. The manner and format, which its chapters retain, of spoken addresses and radio broadcasts give them an easy accessibility that may lead some readers to doubt the profundity of O'Brien's diagnosis. They would be entirely mistaken. What Mr. O'Brien achieves in this book is a masterly *tour d'horizon* of late-twentieth-century liberal culture. The book is animated by his conviction that the Enlightenment's cultural inheritance is less secure than most Western liberals imagine. He seems to think—rightly, in my view—that it is endangered as much by its own doctrinal excesses and hubristic hopes as by its avowed enemies, such as the Islamic fundamentalists. In an analysis that exemplifies the Enlightenment intellectual virtues of balance and moderation, he is nonetheless caustic in his assessment of the follies to which liberal democracies appear peculiarly prone.

Some of his sharpest words are reserved for Operation Restore Democracy, a sordid political expedient dressed up in the Wilsonian sloganry of liberation and universal human rights, whose actual objectives were to stem mass Haitian immigration into the United States and to improve the chances of Democratic candidates in the midterm congressional elections.

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Since the lectures published in this book were given, a further example of liberal self-deception on a grand scale suggests itself—that of American policy in the former Yugoslavia. Like the examples Mr. O'Brien himself gives, this policy seems based on the improbable supposition that a quick fix of Realpolitik and high-flown moralizing, administered in doses of roughly equal strength, can absolve the world of the necessity of thinking or doing anything further about conflicts whose resolution—if they can be resolved—will undoubtedly demand the labor and fortitude of generations. Such policies distract us from the hard work of tough-minded diplomacy and unending political bargaining that makes conflicts that are intractable nevertheless manageable. It is a characteristic irony of liberal cultures that, in denying the manifest truth that many human problems are insoluble, they thereby render those that are at least partly soluble less so.

Mr. O'Brien is surely right when he identifies the cultural sources of liberal self-deception in the secular utopias that emerged from the French Revolution. It is less clear that the Enlightenment cultures of the West can shed these disabling utopias without undergoing a traumatic loss of self-confidence. The Enlightenment, for example, is so essential an element in America's self-image as the model for a universal civilization that it is scarcely imaginable that the hopes—or illusions—that the Enlightenment has inculcated should be displaced from centrality in the public culture.

To be sure, Mr. O'Brien is not suggesting that the Enlightenment can or should be relinquished. He proposes rather that its hopes be chastened, tempered by an awareness of the fragility of reason and the ubiquity of evil. This is surely a noble ideal. Yet it seems to me that O'Brien exemplifies a characteristic Enlightenment optimism in calling for Enlightenment without illusions.

The strength of the Enlightenment as an element in Western culture has in practice depended to a considerable extent on hopes it has absorbed from Christianity. Roughly speaking, liberal humanism *is* the project of retaining those hopes while quietly dropping the transcendental beliefs that sustained them. But an Enlightenment that denies its own origins in a faith it is bound to see as an illusion cannot help clinging desperately to its own distinctive illusions. In cultures that, unlike those of the ancient world or East Asia, are suffused by transcendental hopes, the collapse of religious faith does not normally lead to the relinquishment of these hopes, but rather to their displacement into other contexts, such as revolutionary or reformist political movements, or cults of self-realization of various kinds. Displaced religious emotion must surely help to account for the peculiar intensity of movements such as Political Correctness—movements that, as Mr. O'Brien correctly notes, are themselves very obviously products of Enlightenment traditions. It is perhaps only the fusion of the Enlightenment with the non-rational forces of religion and, in France and the United States, of nationalism that allowed it to achieve the cultural authority it still possesses in those two countries.

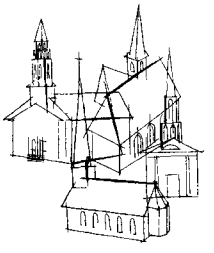
If this is so, then the Enlightenment may well turn out to be a self-undermining movement, as over time it digs up the non-rational foundations on which its hopes stand. This is an irony of the Enlightenment that was perceived by the "suspecting glance" of Nietzsche, about which O'Brien has written profoundly elsewhere, but which he does not explore sufficiently in this courageous and moving book. As a result, in the end, O'Brien does not succeed in dispelling the suspicion that Nietzsche's thought may yet prove the best guide to the world into which we are fated to move in the coming millennium. □

Bitter Medicines

J. BUDZISZEWSKI

SHUN sinners. Ostracize bastards. Practice retribution. Reconsider branding and the pillory. Stop dithering about intentions; focus on what people do. Stop expecting community from cities; they cannot deliver. If these things fail, "employ the skillful services of a Messer Remirro de Orco—that cruel and expeditious man—who reduced Romagna to peace and unity."

Digby Anderson and the other contributors to this volume have kept the promise of their title: their medicines are bitter, and their remedies will hurt. At times it hurts even to read this readable and important book, for the sting of its insights is as sharp as the provocation of its faults—and both are numerous.



So far as the book can be said to have a single theme, that theme is shame. Nearly every author either calls for or presupposes a heartier reliance on the fear of disgrace; only Linda Woodhead dissents, proposing love as a stronger and more unifying motive. Although her argument employs a false alternative—for shame is sometimes love's only way to reach a straying sheep—shame is a weaker strategy than the others realize. In the first place, who is to do the shaming? I may shun a colleague who cheats on his wife,

This Will Hurt: The Restoration of Virtue and Civic Order, edited by Digby Anderson (National Review Books, 183 pp., $19.95)

but unless I am joined by others I am the odd man out, not he. And who is to feel the shame? Michael Aeschliman thinks we are losing the very capacity for it, turning into gorillas. Insofar as most of these essays overlook the problem, they call to mind Chesterton's complaint about utopians, "that they take the greatest difficulty of man and assume it to be overcome, and then give an elaborate account of the overcoming of the smaller ones."

Another difficulty about shame and disgrace is how far we should carry them. Rabbi Daniel Lapin considers it virtuous to harm innocents—some of them, anyway. Apparently without any provision for repentance and reconciliation, he would make lifelong pariahs not only of unwed teen mothers but even of their children.

There is a limit: sanctions as powerful as ostracism, says Rabbi Lapin, can be used only in "prayerful, Bible-believing

Mr. Budziszewski, an associate professor of government and philosophy at the University of Texas at Austin, is the author most recently of True Tolerance: Liberalism and the Necessity of Judgment.

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communities" because they need "supernatural endorsement." No doubt they do, but here we have yet another problem: would God grant it? Calling both Jewish and Christian traditions to his side, Lapin can imagine none but Godless reasons for doubting that He would. I cannot speak for Jews, but surely Lapin should know that no follower of the One who declared it better to be drowned in the sea than to cause a little child to stumble could accept his program. The reason is less a matter of which Testament to believe than of how to interpret the one both traditions accept. As precedent for visiting the sins of the guilty upon the innocent, Lapin cites *Genesis* 9, in which Noah curses his grandson to punish his son, who has seen him in his nakedness and told his brothers. The argument presupposes that everything recorded in Scripture is meant for our imitation. But is this true? In *Hosea* 6 God says, "I desire mercy, not sacrifice," and in *Ezekiel* 18 He declares: "The son shall not suffer for the iniquity of the father, nor the father suffer for the iniquity of the son."

Whether or not the Lapin essay is right about God, it has the strong merit of noticing Him. Only two other contributors speak favorably of religious faith, and neither is bold enough to declare it necessary. One, Mrs. Woodhead, merely offers the Church as a paradigm of communities united by love of the same goods. The other, Mr. Aeschliman, calls Dostoyevsky's view of shame and guilt a "Christian wisdom" but does not call for Christianity. Ross Lence, the only other writer to mention faith at all, dismisses it on the grounds that modern people disagree about religion. This is twice strange: first because they disagree about every other subject too, second because living faith takes root not in pre-existing consensus but in the slow growth of initially small groups of believers.

The Lence essay is important for another reason. The operations of which we have spoken—shame, love, and faith—all presuppose genuine community. Lence is the only author to analyze its civic conditions, and he does so brilliantly, speaking in turn of familiarity, continuity, responsibility, comprehensibility, manageability, predictability, trust, pace, simplicity, and directness. Cities as large as ours cannot satisfy these conditions; therefore they are incapable of community, and therefore they are incapable of virtue. Correctly, Lence attributes this insight to Aristotle, but at just this point I wish he had followed his master further. Aristotle called the city not a simple association but an association of associations, such as families, neighborhoods, schools, firms, and bodies of worshippers. Even though no great conglomerate can satisfy the conditions of community, yet a city may be a partnership of smaller groups that can.

"This will hurt" may have still another meaning, for having found faith and community unattainable, several of the contributors wonder whether anything short of violence can halt the collapse of the social order. This is where Professor Lence contemplates the skillful services of the cruel and expeditious Messer Remirro. Kenneth Minogue is also close to despair. "The really alarming truth," he says, "is that authoritative order had first to be established by power and violence before it could solidify into the custom of authority, and that in the end its decline may only be halted by the recurrence of those conditions." I suspect a *post hoc ergo propter hoc* fallacy here, for from the fact that gentle customs were preceded by violence it does not follow that they were caused by it; just why the vice of cruelty should be any more expeditious in restoring virtue than any of the alternatives is hard to see.

A version of the volume's most de-

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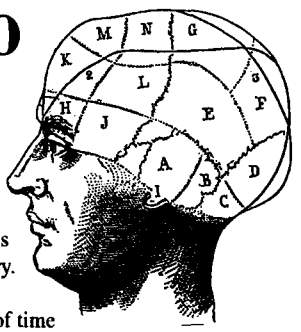

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lightful essay has already appeared in the pages of this magazine: Mr. Anderson's piece in praise of judicious mockery. Debate has but limited use. As a teacher I stress logic because my students are too often led by sheer feeling. The dilemma is that once they learn argument, they argue everything. They have no sense of the simply absurd, no awareness that in order to find out anything one must take something else for granted. The same palsy plagues our public discourse. Already sodomy is considered a mere taste; pedophilia is next. Anderson, bless him, recognizes that serious discussion can give an idea undeserved respectability. "Dismissal does not harm a good idea," he argues; "it strengthens it."

Of course ridicule is but one way of dismissing the ridiculous, and that not the gentlest. Indispensable in politics, it would be inexcusable in classrooms. Each situation calls for different arts, and a certain discretion is necessary to their use. One could wish for a sequel to the essay. But then one could wish for a sequel to the book. □

Before Silence Descends

JEFFREY HART

REMARKABLE as it is to say, two books have appeared now within a year of each other that might well retain full authority a hundred years hence and thus meet Samuel Johnson's criterion for a classic. One is Donald Kagan's *On the Origins of War and the Preservation of Peace* (reviewed in *NR* March 6, 1995). The other is David Herbert Donald's *Abraham Lincoln*.

Donald's biography has the stylistic qualities of a Doric column. Its sentences need no ornamentation for their power. They speak with the authority of enormous accumulated knowledge, yet bear it lightly.

Abraham Lincoln, by David Herbert Donald (Simon & Schuster, 714 pp., $35)

Donald, a prodigious scholar, has achieved concentration and relative brevity through a strategic device. His narrative sticks close to what Lincoln himself knew at any moment. What he did not know—Confederate planning, Lee's thoughts, the deep plots of Federal politicians—remains mostly excluded. Seeing the world through Lincoln's eyes brings us very close to Lincoln.

This leads to a foreground composed of rich detail, from Lincoln's earliest days on a remarkably primitive frontier, through his rise in the practice of law and the wheeling and dealing of Illinois politics, to the burdensome administrative details of his war Presidency.

Lincoln disliked log cabins and frontier life; the rail-splitter had no love for physical labor. He was bookish (Shakespeare, the Bible, Bunyan, Blackstone, history, logic, math) and tenaciously intelligent, and had an early sense, rightly so, of his own superiority.

Through Donald's accumulation of foreground detail, however, there runs a powerful current, barely discernible early in the narrative but gathering to a cataract. Lincoln, once a skeptic, comes to feel that he and events are subject to a Higher Power, and he speaks increasingly of God's Will. In a very telling simile Lincoln compared his political maneuvering to the skill of river pilots who "on our Western rivers steer from *point to point* as they call it—setting the course of the boat no farther than they can see; and that is all I propose to myself."

In Donald's narrative, the dramatic tension is between the surface events and the river of flowing history. The narrative is thus subject to a grand Hegelian reading, which might well scandalize Donald's splendid empiricism: The job of Lincoln's century in the Occident was to complete the consolidation of the national state. France and England had become nations; Bismarck was consolidating Germany as a nation almost simultaneously with Lincoln's consolidation of the Union; and Italy, Greece, and Spain were struggling for nationhood.

In his lectures on history at the University of Berlin, Hegel argued powerfully that the idea of Freedom works itself out inevitably in history, and that at the time at which he spoke the national state was the highest form in which Freedom actualized itself. This historicized theology appears to be correct. Freedom is far more characteristic of the national state than of nomadic savagery, primitive tribes, or barbarian empire; the history of much of the Third World validates Hegel.

In his own quasi-religious commitment to Union, Lincoln may be seen as Hegelian without knowing it, steering indeed from point to point but also borne along by the rushing current of the *Weltgeist*, which of course included not only ideas but the material resources and technology that made consolidation practicable.

If you prefer an idiom somewhat removed from that of Berlin, take Burke's famous "turn" of 1791 regarding the French Revolution. Matthew Arnold considered this passage one of the finest things in English literature:

> If a great change is to be made in human affairs, the minds of men will be fitted to it; the general opinions and feelings will be drawn that way. Every fear, every hope will forward it; and then they who persist in opposing this mighty *current* [italics added] in human affairs will appear rather to resist the desires of Providence itself than the mere designs of men. They will not be resolute and firm, but perverse and obstinate.

Lincoln was resolute and firm in that his goal was always Union. He always opposed slavery on both moral and republican grounds. (Walter Berns has objected that David Donald leaves out the centrality to Lincoln's thought of the "all men are created equal" clause of the Declaration. Berns's point is well taken, but I suppose Donald decided that he did not have to mention this, Lincoln's interpretation of the clause being perfectly traditional to both North and South, though Southern theorists maintained that "men" did not include slaves.) However, Lincoln had no solution to slavery. He leaned toward colonizing the freedmen in Central America, an impossibility. He had to hold together a coalition of abolitionists, unionists, and unionist anti-abolitionists. He steered from point to point.

Ironically, it was Lee who sealed the fate of the Southern system. By the summer of 1862, the Union Army, despite immense superiority in men and resources, had bogged down under astoundingly mediocre generals. If the South had accepted Union, it is doubtful that Lincoln in 1862 could have held

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out for abolition, despite Sumner and the rest. But then Lee and Jackson stormed to a series of spectacular victories and prolonged the war. The Emancipation Proclamation arose out of military and political necessity. At that point Union fused with emancipation, and Lincoln never wavered. At last, in Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, he got the generals he needed. The fusion of Union and emancipation spared the Union the ordeal of dealing again with slavery later on. Lincoln had steered down the river.

David Donald's narrative is so powerful that as the knot of history—to shift metaphors—tightens around Lincoln it almost comes as an aesthetic relief when he is assassinated and silence descends upon him. □

The Cold War, Down Cold

PETER W. RODMAN

THIS is one of the most important books so far on the origins of the Cold War. Drawing on unprecedented access to liberated archives in Russia, the former East Germany, Poland, and the Czech Republic, an American academic has painted an illuminating picture of Josef Stalin's machinations in Poland and Germany dating back to even before the Molotov–Ribbentrop Pact was signed in August 1939. The author demonstrates beyond reasonable doubt the long premeditation behind Soviet actions in the immediate postwar period. The effect is to explode any lingering notions that Western leaders bore any significant responsibility for Stalin's expansionism in Central Europe—other than by the naïveté of their acquiescence.

Stalin's Drive to the West, 1938–1945: The Origins of the Cold War, by R. C. Raack (Stanford, 265 pp., $45)

R. C. Raack is emeritus professor of history at California State University at Hayward. He has long labored in the vineyard of European scholarship, in the academic journals and university presses. His latest deserves wider notice.

The essence of the matter is twofold. In Poland, Raack demonstrates, Stalin's aim from the beginning was pure and simple: to reincorporate, after the war, all the territories ceded to him in the Molotov–Ribbentrop Pact. Indeed, the hope was to recover as much as possible of the historic Russian imperium. Once the pact had been signed, Stalin and Molotov, exulting privately in their success in having already reset a large portion of East Central Europe's clocks to Moscow time, invoked Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great as their inspiration. In the section of Poland that was occupied by the Red Army under the terms of the pact, the Soviets imposed the entire totalitarian apparatus with which we were later to become familiar, from nationalization of property to political dictatorship to forced-labor camps. When the Red Army swallowed up all of Poland in 1944, there was not the slightest chance that Stalin would permit any outcome other than total control. Stalin once told Milovan Djilas that a conqueror always imposes his own social system. *Cujus regio, ejus religio*. Here are the plans in detail.

With respect to Germany, Raack's research reveals the scope of Stalin's plotting with German Communists to impose the same totalitarian apparatus on any portion of defeated Germany that the Soviets would eventually occupy, and to go as far as they could to do the same in the Western occupation zones. As soon as they got off the plane from Moscow at the end of the war, the German Communists linked up with the Red Army Political Administration and launched their program of ensuring a monopoly of the media, economic and cultural institutions, and administrative bodies at all levels in eastern Germany to guarantee their top-to-bottom control. Similarly, Soviet and German Communist agents exploited their toehold in Berlin to organize their cohorts throughout the western sectors of Germany in the early years, long before the democratic allies got around to organizing the Federal Republic.

Much of this was known, or long suspected. Now it is documented. The upshot is that many once-fashionable no-

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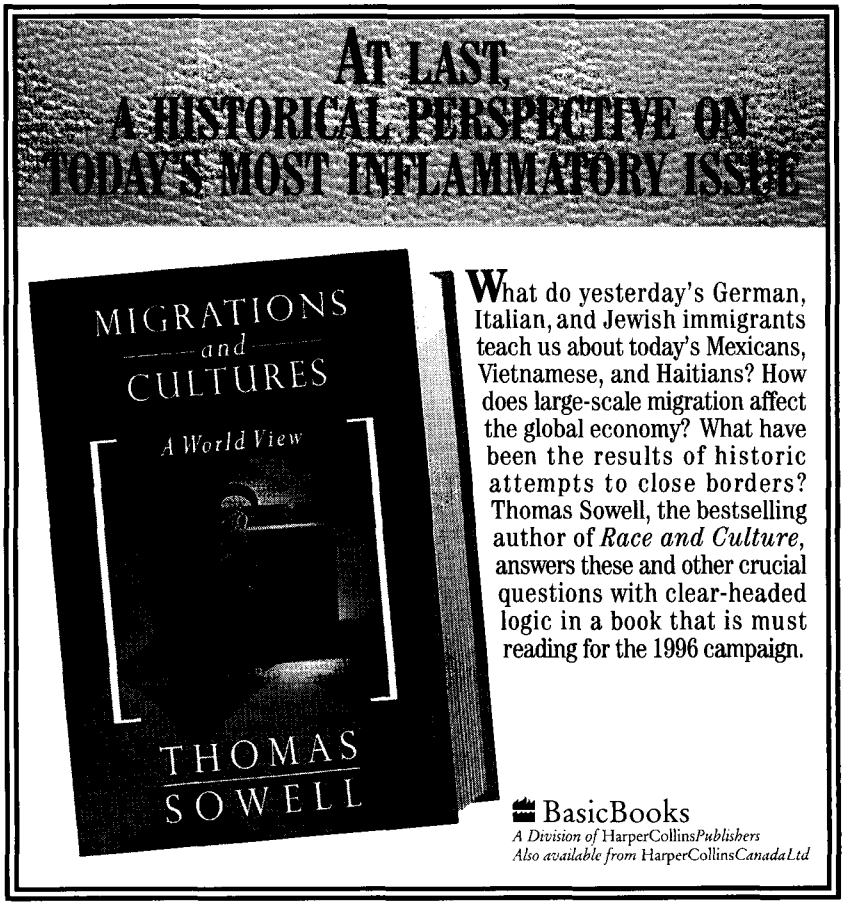
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tions are demolished forever: the idea that Stalin's motives in post-1944 Poland were defensive, that his moves in post-1945 Germany were provoked by Western actions. As early as the Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union in 1941, the Soviet ambassador in London, Ivan Maisky, was telling Czech President Eduard Benes that postwar Germany would be "revolutionary and socialist."

Sometimes Professor Raack stretches a bit. His attempt to portray Stalin as a closet Trotskyist all along is probably overstated. Some of his documentation consists of Comintern pep-talks by Molotov to boost the sagging morale of East European Communists in wartime exile; these are not the same as strategy blueprints.

Nonetheless, it's an impressive piece of work. The author's knowledge of Russian, German, Czech, and Polish sources puts to shame the onanistic obsessions of American intellectuals who pore over American sources in search of untoward motives. Contrary to their imaginings, *nothing* the U.S. could have done differently in 1944 or 1945—certainly not the Hiroshima bombing, for heaven's sake—would have deflected the Soviet plans by a millimeter (except a policy of resisting them more forcefully). The division of Europe, the breakdown of the wartime agreements, and the East–West confrontation over Central Europe were inevitable, given Stalin's plans. Raack modestly reminds us that much East Bloc archival material still remains unliberated, and that the historical record is still incomplete. But the truth is now clearer than ever. □

FILM

Pols and Dolls

JOHN SIMON

HAD T. S. Eliot written nothing else beyond "human kind cannot bear very much reality," he would have earned his berth among the immortals. Why is it that sex and violence dominate our screens? Because we are all closet erotomaniacs and sadomasochists? No; it is because sex and violence are forms of escapism.

Yes, escapism almost as in those old movies about tropical paradises, virtuous secretaries who find Mr. Right in their bosses, or madcap families that inherit millions from unknown uncles. The truth—even in sex and violence—is fairly mundane and ultimately boring. Movie sex and violence are generally just as unreal as the various Crosby–Hope–Lamour itineraries. But by being sadistic, lascivious, somehow "forbidden," they are turned into exciting, iconoclastic verities. If they were shown as they really are, which happens all too rarely, they would become part of that reality of which human kind cannot bear very much.

These things occur to me apropos of ***City Hall***, a film that purports to tell the intricate and chilling truths about New York City politics. It is the story of John Pappas, a charismatic mayor, and his favorite deputy, bright and eager Kevin Calhoun from Louisiana—a most unlikely provenance for a Big Apple politico. Also Frank Anselmo, Brooklyn borough leader of the Democratic Party, a shrewdly efficient Mafia-connected charmer; Paul Zapotti, the smilingly sinister Mafia godfather; Walter Stern, a seemingly outstanding judge; and a lawyer for the Detectives' Endowment Association trying to help a slain cop's widow, played by Bridget Fonda—so much for credibility. It all begins when a little black boy is killed in the crossfire between a policeman and a Mafioso, who end up offing each other. But the prime victim here is the truth.

The film centers on the quasi–father-and-son relationship of Pappas and the idealistically worshipful Calhoun, who narrates the film, tracks down the guilty (including Pappas), and comes bittersweetly of age. Any number of articles have been published telling what real-life figures some of these characters were based on, and how facts have been distorted in both big and small ways. This despite—or because—the initial script was by Ken Lipper, a deputy mayor under Ed Koch, the revision by the film-noir director Paul Schrader and Martin Scorsese's favorite scriptwriter, Nicholas Pileggi, and the re-revision by Bo Goldman, author of such successes as *Melvin and Howard*. Whatever the initial broth may have been, there were clearly too many cooks. Or too few; perhaps God was needed as co-pilot.

Two related excesses are all I wish to dwell on in this mediocre movie. First, the writing. The scene of the funeral service for the shot little boy is on a par with the notorious curtain speech at the end of *The Red Shoes*. Warned against it by sundry associates, Mayor Pappas goes to the black church, where most of the congregation largely blames him for the tragedy, to deliver a eulogy full of nauseatingly high-minded platitudes in a manner as pathetically orotund as no one but Al Pacino could manage. As Pa(ppas)cino then leaves down the center aisle, there is not a hand but stretches out to touch the (figurative) hem of his garments, as though a saint or angel were passing through.

Next, Pacino's performance itself. This once outstanding actor has become a walking encyclopedia of excesses. The face is now a self-serving monument to ravaged magnanimity. The eye sockets are runners-up to the Carlsbad Caverns, and an infinitely sorrowing gaze flickers deep in the bottomless eyes. The cheeks are hollowed with humanitarian concern, the voice reverberates with the sufferings of all the Christian martyrs and several others besides, and the arms gesticulate as though conducting the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra. But the hair, the hair is immaculate; sculptured softly, like a piece of Oldenburg statuary, it nevertheless permits a few sincere-looking strands to dislodge themselves in an artful choreography. The role that would befit Pacino most, if only he were younger and taller, would be Saint Sebastian. He seems to be playing it anyway.

When he can remember his accent, John Cusack is good as Kevin Calhoun, and Danny Aiello gives another of his unerringly flavorous performances as Frank Anselmo. But then, alas, there is the score by one of filmdom's most venerable hacks, Jerry Goldsmith. When, if ever, will movie music finally catch up with music?

■ First there was the Paris play by and with Jean Poiret that some of us saw. Then there was its movie version with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi,

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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which all of us saw. Then there was the sequel, which most of us avoided. Then there was the Broadway musical, which a good many of us, including a lot of tourists, saw. I am talking, of course, about *La Cage aux Folles*. And now, almost two decades later, there is the American movie, written by Elaine May and directed by Mike Nicholas. It may hit the hinterlands as hot, new stuff, but I consider it a stale, thrice-told tale. It is now called ***The Birdcage***, and you know for whom that is.

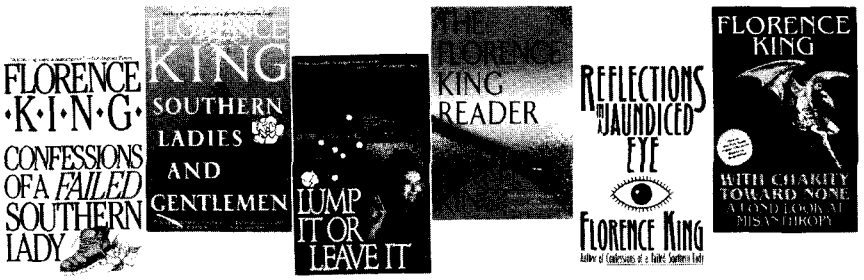
The French version was charming. Renato (Tognazzi) and Albin (Serrault) run the eponymous transvestite nightclub in St. Tropez, and live connubially upstairs. Renato is the husband, Albin the wife. They have been together for twenty years, and, as ZaZa, Albin stars in the club's drag show. Albin is silly and flighty, Renato could pass for straight. Although Renato has to get Albin out of scrapes, it is a happy union. The plot hinges on Renato's having a twenty-year-old son from a short-lived marriage, whom he, Albin, and their gay manservant have jointly brought up. Now the boy has become engaged to the sweet young daughter of an arch-conservative couple, and the starchy parents are coming to visit their in-laws-to-be, who, they've been led to believe, are a proper married pair.

The preparations for that in-law dinner party involve making over the terribly chichi apartment, straightening the manservant, and turning Albin into a plausible mother after he signally fails to be masculine enough for a believable uncle. Meanwhile the biological mother is also on her way. Needless to say, everything goes hilariously wrong but ends benignly, as love and tolerance enjoy a shared triumph.

This basic outline is followed by *The Birdcage*, which takes place today in Miami's South Beach, the closest thing to St. Tropez we've got. The first minutes expertly establish the South Beach atmosphere and the nature of the shows at The Birdcage nightclub. Working with the Mexican cinematographer Emmanuel Lubezki (*Like Water for Chocolate*, a film good enough to eat, but impossible to watch), Mike Nichols creates an apt collage of outré gaudiness; he does equally well upstairs, where Bo Welch's production design and Ann Roth's costumes nicely conjure up the ménage of Armand and Albert, as they are now called.

Robin Williams, in what is for him a

KING'S ROW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restrained performance, offers a plausible Armand, Fuller-brush mustache and all. He has the right combination of contradictory qualities to keep us surprised and amused. Things collapse, however, with Nathan Lane, who is too much by half as Albert. Where Michel Serrault was fleshy, Lane is gross. Where Serrault had an oval head that could pass for female, Lane's is a cube more suitable for a butcher block. Where Serrault was campy, Lane is a travesty. He pouter-pigeons in self-adulation, wallows in self-pity like a porker in a mud bath. He preens, grovels, squeals, and boohoos. He is a hot-air balloon that has lost all semblance of ballast.

The black houseboy of *La Cage* has become an Ecuadorian in *Birdcage*, and Hank Azaria plays him as invertedly as the question mark at the start of a Spanish query, and with a Hispanic accent as broad as a sombrero's brim. As for the girl's parents: loved him, hated her. Gene Hackman's Buchananish Senator Keeley is a masterly portrayal of smugness under pressure, and for all the caricature in the writing and directing, still a recognizable human being. As his haplessly fluttery wife, though, Dianne Wiest is about as convincing as Jewish rye posturing as toasting white. And as Armand's ex-wife, the marvelous Christine Baranski is shamefully underused. As the young lovers, Dan Futterman and Calista Flockhart are somewhat less notable than the furnishings.

Elaine May can still write spiffy dialogue, although the under-the-collar sweat sometimes spreads to the shirtfront, as when Albert explains his sweet tooth with "when the schnecken beckons." Miss May tries hard to be topical, especially by lampooning, or harpooning, the Religious Right. When the senator worries about who should officiate at his daughter's wedding, we get this bit: "The Pope?" "Too controversial." "Billy Graham?" "Too liberal." She's best at simple oneupmanship, e.g., "Chewing gum helps me think." "Sweetie, you're wasting your gum."

Finally, though, there remains the question of whether *The Birdcage* still has enough novelty—or, better yet, shock value—to justify all this remastication. The assumption seems to be that grass-roots America will be thrillingly startled by it, while city slickers will still work up some guffaws. I can already hear the sound of one jaw laughing. □

ART

A Degenerate Exhibition

ANDREW STUTTAFORD

LONDON this season has been playing host to two thought-provoking exhibitions. The first, "Africa: The Art of a Continent," has been on display at the Royal Academy since October. Meanwhile, across the Thames, the Hayward Gallery's "Art and Power" attempts to cast a new light on an even darker continent—the totalitarian Europe of 1930–45.

The latter exhibit opens promisingly enough, taking advantage of the Hayward's brutalist architecture with an eerily lit antechamber dominated by symbols and monuments of the departed dictators. Pharaonically sinister, the room is compelling, a guilty pleasure on a par with the best horror stories. Writing of fascism in 1936 the philosopher Walter Benjamin commented that mankind's "self-alienation has reached such a degree that it can experience its own destruction as an aesthetic pleasure of the first order." Unintentionally, perhaps, this room proves that point. It is the highlight of the exhibition.

Most of the rest is depressingly unimaginative, an uninspired display of the usual suspects. We see an avuncular Stalin and a pompous Hitler, but so what? The iconography essential for understanding such pictures is missing, and without it they become routine official portraits, no different really from the drab canvases to be found in many an American boardroom.

Unexplained too, is why much of the work on display should be seen as "totalitarian." Hitler's favorite painter, the leaden Adolf Ziegler, may show why he was known as the "master of the German pubic hair," but, at that time, his *völkisch* style would not have been out of place in many a European museum. In the Italian section, at least, there is some attempt at serious analysis. Embarrassingly, however, it comes from the Fascists, who were deeply divided on how to control art, if at all.

To be sure, many of the paintings on display are irritatingly didactic, but that is only to be expected. They date from the age of Eleanor Roosevelt, an era when the self-important were out of control. Aleksandr Monin's *Shock Workers' Avenue* may be a product of Stalin's Soviet Union, but it would not be out of place in any WPA-decorated post office. The allegedly totalitarian architecture too was hardly unusual. Across the world big government was dressing for success. In the 1930s that meant chunky statues and neo-classicism. It was true for Berlin, Rome, and Moscow, but it also held good for London and Washington.

These connections are never really explored, but that is hardly surprising. "Art and Power" is itself a bureaucratic product, sponsored by the Council of Europe to "remind" (rather unwisely, I think) Europeans of "their common history and cultural heritage." Far easier, therefore, for it to caricature totalitarian art as a simple blend of dull art and portentous buildings. Hitler's kitsch thus becomes just another round in the Manichean struggle between the figurative (bad) and the abstract (good).

In effect, then, this exhibition reflects the prejudices of a second-rate art faculty. Naturally enough, it also comes steeped in conventional, leftish pieties. No opportunity is missed to take a swipe at the fallen fascists, while the Soviet Union gets off comparatively lightly.

Some of the distortions are simply childish. An accompanying booklet tells us that *12* million Jews perished in the Holocaust, but fudges collectivization's death toll in the Soviet countryside. The Moscow Metro is singled out for praise, not least because it opened ahead of schedule. Making the trains run on time is clearly an achievement—so long, that is, as they are Soviet trains.

So far as the art is concerned the bias is more subtle. "Nazi" art is mainly represented by rural scenes, peasant girls, and Albert Speer. The relatively more cheerful eroticism of what might be called its "Vargas" school is absent. In

Mr. Stuttaford is a writer in New York.

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marked contrast to the Soviet section little of the regime's perniciously effective posterwork is shown. No war paintings are on display—a curious omission, given that war was central both to the Nazis' dreams and to their destiny.

Space cannot have been a constraint, given the presence of a large section dedicated to the opposition to Hitler, itself rather strange in an exhibition allegedly devoted to totalitarian art. Was someone worried that the devil had the best tunes? There was no need. The "opposition" includes some of the most powerful works on display. Felix Nussbaum's concentration-camp paintings give the lie to Otto Dix's remark that "one cannot paint despair," while Ernst Barlach's *The Terrible Year of 1937* speaks for itself.

Appropriately enough, the destruction of modern or "Jewish" art—and, all too often, artists—by the Nazis is highlighted. The destruction of religious art by the Soviets is ignored, however. The burned icons and vandalized churches may have ended a tradition stretching back a millennium, but apparently this is not an aspect of Europe's "common heritage" about which we need "reminding."

Naturally the Nazis' grotesque "Exhibition of Degenerate Art" (1937) comes under scrutiny, and it should. That attempt to put modern art into the pillory was a low point of totalitarian philistinism. However, it was hardly unique. No comparison is made, for example, with the major Moscow and Leningrad exhibitions of 1932, with their one (very small) room for works by artists who "had been infected with all kinds of Formalist diseases and influenced by their bourgeois experiences."

To have made such a comparison would have been to dispel the atmosphere of cozy ambiguity that prevails in discussing the USSR. There is no separate section on the artistic opposition to Stalin. Emigré art is ignored. A wide range of artwork is displayed, but it is often difficult to discern whether it would have been approved or not. Perhaps deliberately, this creates an image of greater tolerance than there really was, particularly in a country where the state was, on the whole, the only client. Various "Stalins" are on display, but they are eclipsed by Rublyov's extraordinary portrait of a wily dictator reading *Pravda*, a sinister dog at his feet. Could this ever have been shown? We are never told. Rublyov knew. He kept the picture hidden and pursued a successful career as an official artist.

Instead we are given a simplistic picture of a USSR where political and artistic repression marched in lockstep. Modernism is crushed by socialist realism and, by implication, the bright promise of Lenin's revolution is betrayed. Rodchenko turns to painting clowns, while Malevich goes to jail accused of "Cézannism." In reality, of course, whatever the wonders of their art, these men had been paid propagandists for a Soviet regime that had been openly murderous from the outset.

Sadly, they did their work all too well. The Great Utopia still beckons. There has been no Soviet Nuremberg, no final reckoning with Communism. In Russia that failure may lead to disaster. In the West, it merely leads to misleading "reminders" of a "common European history" at the Hayward Gallery and a souvenir shop that sells postcards of Stalin. But not of Hitler. *That* would be in bad taste. □

MANNERS

Not among Friends

KARINA ROLLINS

MY friend Debbie and I were sitting at our favorite Italian restaurant, and the waiter had put magnificent dishes on the table next to us, occupied by two friendly looking women. Everything on their table looked and smelled so wonderful that Debbie and I proceeded to order the same things.

Our copycat act soon turned into a running gag, with very amiable small talk exchanged among the four of us throughout the evening. At one point, the other women gave us a tidbit of gossip about the two men sitting nearby ("One is in his fifties, the other is married"). Being lesbians, they explained, they were not interested in the men. Debbie and I thanked them for the tip but said that we weren't interested either (one is in his fifties, the other is married). We then chatted about restaurants, living in New York, what we do for a living. That's when the trouble started. When asked where I work, I answered, "For a magazine."

"Oh really?" said one of the women, giving me a big interested smile. "Which one?"

"NATIONAL REVIEW," I said.

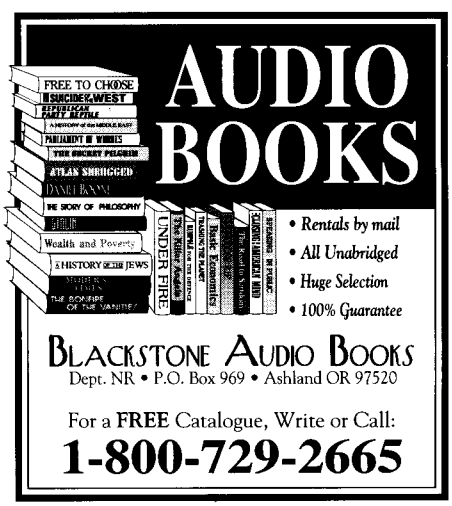
Her jaw dropped. The other woman tensed up noticeably. The woman whose jaw had dropped looked bewildered. I don't think she knew exactly what *NR* is, but obviously she sensed evil afoot. The other woman filled her in: "Irene, NATIONAL REVIEW—William F. Buckley—conservative—this is not what we want."

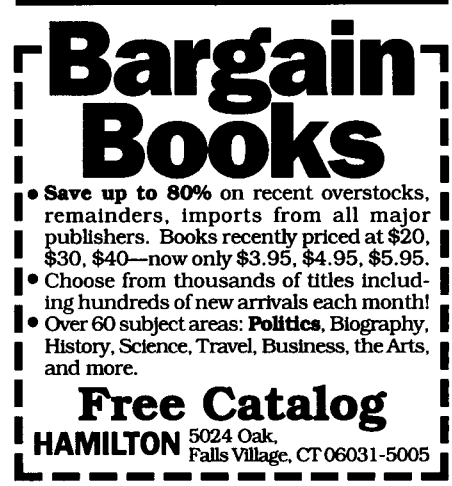
Irene asked me: "But don't they hate gays?"

"No, we do not hate gays."

"But don't they support Oliver North

Miss Rollins is NR*'s associate editor.*

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who made all that money off of homophobia?" I asked her what she meant by "making money off of homophobia." She didn't have an answer, but continued to look confused as the other woman coolly said good night and ushered her out the door.

This was not the first time I had been expelled from the Club of Decent People for being conservative. As a matter of fact, working for *NR* has not exactly helped my social life. I frequently meet people who think I am perfectly pleasant to talk to—until they find out where I work. Some people draw down the corners of their mouths in disdain and avoid me for the rest of the evening, while others are simply confused and wonder: "So . . . do you . . . ah . . . subscribe to their views?"

I do not know of any conservative who, when talking with a group of strangers, assumes that everyone present despises Al Gore. But among young, expensively educated liberals, political correctness pervades everyday life to such a degree that even many apolitical people take it for granted that if they meet an apparently normal person he will share certain acceptable views. A popular homosexual T-shirt slogan says, "Don't assume I'm straight." I think I need a T-shirt that reads, "Don't assume I'm liberal."

The most extreme reaction to my conservatism came not from a stranger but from a friend. Susan, a self-described radical leftist, generously put up with my views for four years, as I did with hers. But when I joined *NR*, that was just too much. She explained to me that she could no longer be my friend because by working for *NR* I was "playing an active part in helping to destroy America." I am not making this up. And I should add that "Susan" is actually Tom. Yes, Tom is a man who wants to be a woman, wears women's clothes, will soon have a sex-change operation, and—wants nothing to do with me.

People have always shunned other people for various reasons. But in the past three decades the most familiar criteria for ostracism have changed. Homosexuals, known for their persistent pleas for non-judgment, have in too many cases evolved from the judged to those who judge others. The same individuals who preach tolerance of opposing views deem conservatism not a view to be challenged, but an evil to be stamped out. In certain circles it is no longer possible to have moral qualms about homosexuality, oppose affirmative action, or favor a capital-gains tax cut, and be considered a decent person.

Frankly I am a bit bewildered that lesbians and transsexuals feel it is beneath them to associate with me. Maybe I should plead for acceptance the way they do: Your son could grow up to be a Republican; I believe a child needs a mother and a father but I'm just like everyone else; one in ten Americans is conservative; don't hate me because I'm different!

I'm not very hopeful that my pleas will work. Now if you will excuse me, I have a country to destroy. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Union of Words: A History of Presidential Eloquence, by Wayne Fields (Free Press, 406 pp., $25)

WHEN President Clinton asserted that "the era of big government is over," he was not only playing politics—appearing to spearhead a popular movement he reflexively rejects—he was also trying to solidify a national consensus. We Americans revere whatever makes for unity of purpose and identity. So this book is aptly titled, describing as it does one means of cementing that union. The book is divided topically, covering announcements of candidacy, nomination acceptances, inaugurals, farewells. Fields recognizes these presidential speeches not only as political tools, but also as literary creations, and his examination of the interactions between these two aspects of speechmaking contributes much to our understanding of past times when splendidly phrased speeches were not considered incompatible with leading a varied nation. In his farewell to the country, Washington asked forgiveness for "the faults of incompetent abilities [that] will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest," which compares well to Reagan's "My friends, we did it; all in all, not bad. Not bad at all. And so goodbye." Vastly different in style, both passages belong now to ages of their own, and have in fact adorned history itself.

—Tracy Lee Simmons

Private Truths, Public Lies: The Social Consequences of Preference Falsification, by Timur Kuran (Harvard, 423 pp., $45)

ECONOMIST Timur Kuran has written a fascinating study of how even formally "free" citizens can be socially pressured into "living a lie," publicly justifying beliefs and practices that they privately reject, even abhor. Mass falsification is the handmaiden of tyrannies, a process that fools everyone into believing that even the most oppressive social arrangements have popular support. Falsifiers do not just passively lie; they actively cheer hated policies and practices. Indeed, to avoid any taint of disloyalty or suspicion, they may denounce or inform upon others like themselves. Kuran demonstrates how a combination of events can suddenly deflate falsification's bubble of collective delusion, precipitating collapse or revolution—as happened in Communist Eastern Europe. But two other falsified edifices remain: India's caste system and America's affirmative-action machine.

—Frederick R. Lynch

Invisible Allies, by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn (Counterpoint, 344 pp., $29.50)

IN his latest book, Solzhenitsyn pays tribute to those who helped him publish and distribute his works during the Soviet years, and in doing so reminds us of the remarkable courage of those who resisted the century's most durable totalitarian regime. The 14 sketches in this book are gripping. Solzhenitsyn's friends took enormous risks to safeguard his work, including building ingenious hiding places in their houses and furniture. Some evaded the secret police; others had their homes ransacked or faced brutal interrogation by the KGB. One elderly typist was apparently driven to suicide by KGB questioning. Two of the women profiled, both veterans of the Gulag, celebrated Stalin's birthday each year by decorating their apartment with photographs of people who had died or been shot in prison camp, playing solemn music, and inviting friends to file through. Solzhenitsyn has here created a similar shrine to heroes of the Soviet state's war against its own people.

—Catherine Barr Windels

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Letters

(Continued from page 2)

able rights into indefeasible obligations by interpreting "unalienable" to mean that the rights holder cannot refuse to exercise his rights. However, neither Jefferson, nor any sane person, would impose a duty to pursue happiness, or to live, in the guise of making it an unalienable right. Rights are rights, not duties. Even if "unalienable" were ;interpreted to mean "not renounceable," non-renounceability could mean no more than that any attempt at renunciation, by means of contract or declaration, could not be enforced, that the rights holder could exercise his right despite renunciation. But he still would not be compelled to exercise his rights to pursue happiness, or to live, if he does not want to.

GP feel that natural law prohibits suicide. Perhaps. Natural law is supposed to bind us all, but has this authority only inasmuch as God reveals his commandments through it. Natural law has no independent binding authority. Therefore, for the government of a secular society, it has none. As Madison wrote in his *Memorial and Remonstrance*, the "duty towards the Creator" should be "wholly exempt from cognizance" by the government. If, as GP appear to suggest, the authority of natural law comes from human nature revealed by reason, one may still choose not to follow it, if one can do otherwise (if not we needn't worry), for nature has no independently binding prescriptive authority, i.e., without God, none.

GP also reject the notion that in a secular society we "own ourselves." What is the relevant difference between Lockean self-ownership and "people simply are not owned by anyone" which GP prefer? I detect none. Either notion is consistent with the right to suicide. In a secular society no authority, including society itself and its government, nature, or religious dogma, should be able to compel a competent innocent person to live and pursue happiness when he does not want to.

GP note that from my view no "ground could be given for believing that people have moral rights at all." They are right. I think we have moral claims, but rights, which legalize them, can be produced only by positive laws. There are no inherent rights, although there are needs, desires, and moral claims based thereon. (On occasion, I have myself used the phrase "moral right" when I should have used "claim." I apologize if I misled GP or others.)

GP also point to dire effects they expect from the absence of belief in moral rights and natural law. If these effects did occur, they would not prove that we actually do have moral rights and natural law. Nothing is true because believing it would have good effects or avoid bad ones.

I have some strongly held moral and aesthetic convictions. I can explain them. However, I do not believe that they are self-evident, or otherwise demonstrable. GP to the contrary notwithstanding, I don't think that this makes me a subjectivist, or a relativist. The undemonstrable may be quite objective, and although not an absolutist in the Kantian mold, I do not agree with relativist positions much more often than with the dogmata of GP.

Ernest van den Haag
New York, N.Y.

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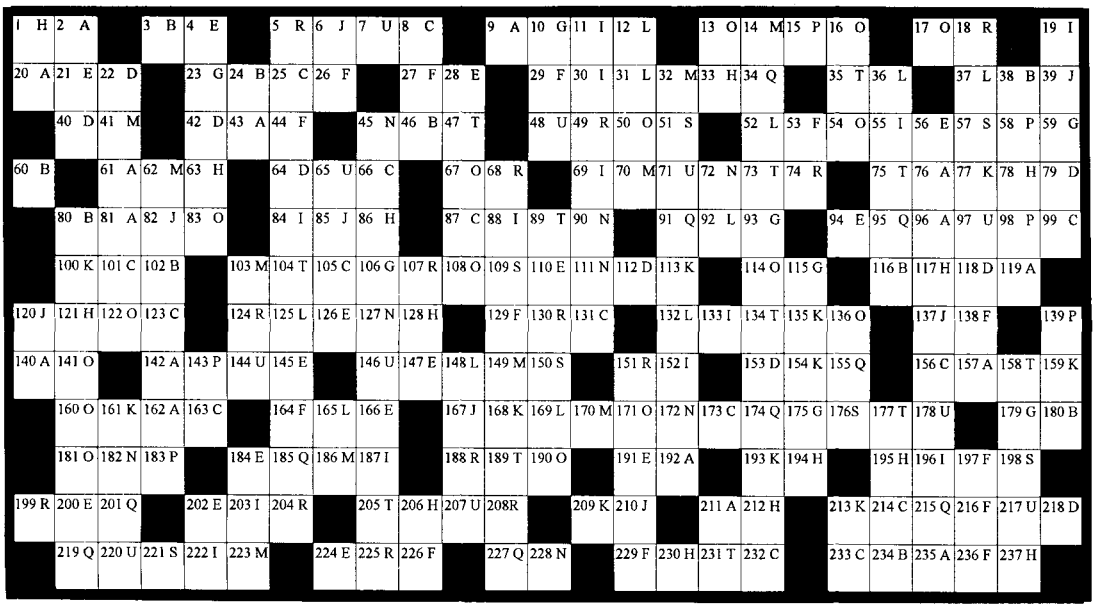
TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner



DEFINITIONS

A. Paschal victims (2 words) — 192 157 96 81 76 2 211 142 235 20 9 / 43 140 119 61 162

B. Vital plant of Eden (*Gen.* 3:24, 3 words) — 116 38 102 60 24 80 234 3 180 46

C. What a minister of the Gospel does (3 words) — 25 131 173 233 156 101 232 8 123 214 99 / 66 163 105 87

D. Purpose of Yom Kippur — 42 218 40 79 22 153 118 64 112

E. Passover victual which never rises to the occasion (*Ex.* 12:8, 2 words) — 110 28 200 126 191 21 145 4 147 202 94 / 56 166 224 184

F. House of Eleazar, for example (2 words) — 44 26 236 27 164 216 29 129 197 229 53 / 226 138

G. "And other sheep I have, which are not of _____" (*John* 10:16, 2 words) — 175 23 10 106 115 179 59 93

H. South Sea objects of New England evangelists' zeal (2 words) — 117 78 195 128 121 237 194 212 230 63 1 / 206 86 33

I. What Sunday School should do (3 words) — 88 187 133 11 152 84 19 55 69 30 203 / 222 196

J. Well not "nationalized" by Isaac's neighbors (*Gen.* 26:14–22) — 167 39 6 210 137 82 120 85

K. Churchmen — 168 213 135 161 159 209 193 154 77 100 113

L. Assyrian tyrant (*2 Kings* 17) — 169 165 37 125 52 148 92 12 132 36 31

M. Like Israel toward God, before God sent Def. L (*2 Kings* 17) — 170 14 41 186 32 149 70 103 62 223

N. Site of Israel's miraculous victory over Amalek (*Ex.* 17:8–15) — 172 228 127 182 72 90 111 45

O. Martin Luther's sphere of influence (2 words) — 171 136 108 114 190 83 122 181 67 13 141 / 50 54 17 160 16

P. What Joseph bade Egyptians do for his departed father (*Gen.* 50:2) — 183 98 58 143 15 139

Q. Priests officiating at Communion — 174 185 201 95 227 215 91 155 34 219

R. God's writing slates at Sinai (3 words) — 5 199 151 225 18 107 68 49 188 124 74 / 130 208 204

S. Youngest of Aaron's priestly sons (*Ex.* 28:1) — 176 51 150 221 198 57 109

T. How the Episcopal Church "outhips" the Roman Catholic Church (2 words) — 177 75 231 89 104 134 73 35 189 158 205 / 47

U. Shinar, to the "Mighty Hunter" (*Gen.* 10:10, 2 words) — 178 7 144 71 97 146 217 220 65 48 207

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definition on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. FREDERICK DOUGLASS: *Life and Times*: "As I writhed under the sting and torment of this knowledge I almost envied my fellow slaves their stupid indifference. It opened my eyes to the horrible pit, and revealed the teeth of the frightful dragon that was ready to pounce upon me; but alas, it opened no way for my escape."

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Hiatus Time

NEW YORK, MARCH 12

Impatient right-minded reformers are whispering to themselves that the Gingrich GOP has run out of steam, and they are quite right about that. The big parade is stalled out there as people leave to look in on the primaries. Last week's action/inaction on regulatory reform was an attempt at a quick revival, but it didn't work.

The idea was based on something that didn't happen about twenty years ago. The idea of it is "sunset legislation." An example of the kind of thing Mr. Gingrich has had in mind inflames the memory.

The story goes back to the early Fifties, when former President Herbert Hoover was asked by President Truman to recommend reforms that would retire useless government ventures. The Hoover Commission went to work and made a number of recommendations, but one of them sticks in the mind. During the Civil War, the British Navy quarantine threatened the import of hemp needed by the Union Army. So . . . something like a synthetic fiber was developed to make certain that the army should not run out.

The Civil War ended in 1864. In 1951, Mr. Hoover's scouts discovered that the hemp factory was still operating in a little town in Massachusetts, never mind that hemp had been available on open markets for nearly ninety years. It employed about ninety hemp workers, and Mr. Hoover marked it down for execution. But Senator John F. Kennedy interceded: He did not wish any Massachusetts enterprise to be hurt. Mr. Hoover sent an emissary to Kennedy: How about agreeing that anyone who retired from work in the Civil War Massachusetts Emergency Hemp Factory should not be replaced? That way, the factory would die of old age in a little while. The answer from JFK: No. For all we know, they are still making hemp in Massachusetts, with a government subsidy, at twice the cost of the other stuff.

About twenty years ago, the idea of sunset legislation had a very strong run. Its primary enthusiast was Senator Charles Percy, a Republican from Illinois. The idea was that every ten years, a given regulatory agency would report to Congress on what it was doing and how much it was spending. The Executive would then recommend changes in that agency's activity. Congress would ponder those recommended changes, and adopt them or not. If they were not adopted, the agency would—expire, at the end of that congressional session. Assuming that every agency of government were reviewed and disapproved, in ten years there would be none left; no, not even the agency that had kept alive the hemp makers in Massachusetts.

A version of that was sought by the Gingrich Contract, which borrowed the old sunset idea about existing regulations but put it on a seven-year cycle. A year ago, the House leadership sought a moratorium on new federal rules along with a demand that proposed new rules give an accounting estimate of how much they would cost, and how much they should effect.

This year, under the kind of inertial pressure that the Clinton White House has become so effective in generating, the leadership retreated from the robust bill that would have included all regulatory agencies to something more modest, more tentative. Wearily, that was sent back to the drawing board, where a paler version is asked for.

Mr. Gingrich's offensive is the great casualty of the Republican primary campaign, which has had a dissolute effect on Republican purpose. The call for a flat tax is bracing and interesting in itself. The call for protective tariffs, for some sort of intervention to guard against corporate downsizing—all these have had the effect of diverting attention from a job that might well have been done without the primaries to absorb public interest and energy.

It will all be fine for the GOP if the downsizing of the Contract with America has merely meant that the gestation of an effective political program is taking longer than envisioned. Reformers will not complain if, a year from now, President Dole signs one after another of the bills sent to him by a Republican Congress. Yes, if you had some ham we could have a ham sandwich, if I had some bread.

The Republicans have a great deal to do to re-energize a Congress that so inspirited the country as recently as 14 months ago. A good beginning would be for Messrs. Buchanan and Forbes to call it a day. □

"Oh yeah? Well I can fool more of the people more of the time than you can!"

The IRA And U.S. Patronage

NEW YORK, MARCH 1

The British, I learn from a number of chance encounters and from one with an informed British journalist and historian, are under the impression that the life of the IRA is owing to an iron lung supplied by the United States. It is a quite general impression that a) the IRA consumes a great deal of money, which it uses to buy the paraphernalia of terrorism, and b) that money is supplied by Americans who back terrorism as a means of uniting Ireland. It is quite widely thought that the grisly interruption of the 17-month ceasefire reflects at least in part an impatience within America generated by Irish descendants.

What to say?

Well, as good a beginning as any, one supposes, is to record that in the months and months of pronouncements, afterthoughts, and appoggiaturas on the international political scene during this election season, I recall not one reference to the Irish question except general applause for President Clinton's backing of the John Major initiative a few months ago to accelerate a permanent understanding through a peace conference. One assumes there were American dissidents here or there who disdain any meeting between occupiers and occupied. We know from experiences past and present that there is the phenomenon of the diehard, and we even acknowledge that the diehard can be the true patriot. If he persists he may be elevated, in political terminology, to the Resistance. And then if the tide turns in his favor, he becomes the force of Liberation. In 1940, Charles de Gaulle was among the diehards.

But in American politics the backing of the average American with Irish roots was for justice to be done to the Catholics who lived in Northern Ireland. And there was much reason for resentment and indignation, given that the Protestant government had treated the Catholic minority about as South African whites treated the Bantu.

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But that struggle was fought and won. The British took over the Stormont, and when political power was returned to Northern Ireland, civil rights were given to the Catholics, all of which satisfied the proximate demands of the republicans. And all political parties in Dublin except Sinn Fein have long agreed that a million Protestants neither can nor should be bombed into a united Ireland.

Pope John Paul II came to Ireland and pleaded for peace. The primary Irish question was thought to be settled, absent only cooperation by the IRA.

The great breakthrough came when John Major's initiative was contingently agreed to by the IRA, and for 17 blissful months there was no terrorist activity. Prime Minister Major then made demands one would think normal under the circumstances, namely that before the parties met to conclude a final, constitutional peace agreement, the IRA surrender their arms. They said no, they would not do so.

My British friend reminds me that the Algerian insurrectionists gave the identical answer to President de Gaulle. Neither side would budge, and impasse was the result: until de Gaulle yielded everything. The Algerians were not about to enter a peace conference which, if it turned against them, would find them disarmed.

But the point is that the arms of the IRA are not a very big budget item. It doesn't cost very much to make a bomb. And therefore the idea that hot-blooded U.S. Irishmen are feeding an assembly line of weapons to the IRA is manifestly absurd. The IRA is not to be likened to the Vietcong, who were capable of mobilizing considerable military offensives along an extensive line, and once captured the second largest city in South Vietnam. The IRA is about things like hand grenades and bombs put together from a mail-order catalogue. Their resonance is owing to the cowardly choice of the targets, who, for all the terrorists care, can be women and children just as well as British soldiers.

There is some sentiment among the British for trying to put an end to it. They are weary over a fierce hostility that is the work not of a nation but of a band of men drawn to the drama of the headline-making bomb going off in central London, or in Brighton, very nearly killing then Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher.

Gerry Adams is the Arafat of days gone by, and his freedom to come and go is incommensurate with the responsibility he has for the terrible deaths of random targets. The British should be more widely informed on the insubstantial nature of U.S. shipments to the Irish terrorists. The random talk is of millions and millions of U.S. dollars going to finance them. If that much money is going to the Irish Republican Army, they can get about in private jets, with one hand grenade to toss out of the cockpit when they pass by a schoolyard. □

God (Alone Can) Save the Queen

NEW YORK, MARCH 8

I had not intended to get in on the Royal Act, but its centrality in public attention everywhere in the world generates a challenge, or at least a sense of duty. The failure to opine begins to look not like elevation from royal gossip sheets, but like insouciance.

Accordingly, the views of this republican are that some short time after the fetus is created, human genes are attracted or not attracted to the idea of a monarchy. The thought of any such thing in the United States makes one blush with embarrassment, never mind the frequent use of metaphors to describe such democratic pageantry as inaugural balls and State of the Union addresses. It is all somehow different because we know that at the end of every four years the plebiscite is renewed or it is not renewed, and that at the end of eight years Cinderella is always sent home, unless her name is Franklin Delano Roosevelt; and that exception was rendered constitutionally unrepeatable very soon after he went away.

And of course there are those monarchies, especially in this century, that are overwhelmed by geopolitical convulsions. At the funeral of Edward VII the last great aggregation of kings and queens assembled. The next comparable gathering of chiefs of state was the funeral of John F. Kennedy, where the ratio of kings to commoners was so slight as to focus attention on the weatherbeaten Emperor of Ethiopia, who a few years later was executed. Royal reincarnations are pretty well limited to Spain. Even so, the genetic hardihood endures, and its showplace is in Great Britain. It has lost its empire, but something called the Commonwealth took its place, and the royal show goes on for 53 states, of which Queen Elizabeth is head.

The commotion, of course, centers on relatively new ideas of how royalty should behave. The tradition is by no means inspiring. The gods of Homer were a dissolute lot who tried to get away with everything from regicide to incest, and not infrequently did get away with it. The post-Renaissance kings had orderly households in the sense that the queens were selected much as participants in the Kentucky Derby are selected, with almost exclusive reference to breeding. The responsibility of the sovereign was to procreate his successor, to exercise kingly duties, and to lead the country in peace and in war. As the power of the monarchs declined, notably in Great Britain under Victoria, the idea crept in that the monarch, now relieved of many of the responsibilities of power, should show the country how life should be led. But in order to encourage romantic marriages, as distinguished from genealogically congruous marriages, license was given to princes to seek out princesses from wherever they came, always assuming a reasonable amount of blue blood.

What really has stunk things up in England is the apparent inability of anybody in the House of Windsor to live a paradigmatic married life, with the exception of the Queen and the Duke, and sometimes we're not so sure about him. One-third of ordinary Englishmen are divorced. One hundred per cent of the Queen's closest relatives who have ever married—sister, daughter, two sons—are divorced or en route to divorce. The collapse of Charles and Diana is punctuated by episodes of hilarious contumacy, on the order of pieing the bed of Moses. Not only, everybody now knows, did Charles live offhandedly with his mistress even before his second child was born, he spoke words to her over a cellular phone that would have embarrassed Lenny Bruce. And then the Princess proceeds to wage her counter-assault via press, radio, TV, and Internet, without even consulting the almighty sovereign. It is on the order of ignoring Zeus while delightedly spurning his authority.

Yes, the majority of Brits are bred monarchists, but they grope now for a rationale. Everyone agrees that the pageantry is fun to look at (all those Nobel Prize winners and victorious generals and genius artists bowing and curtsying before a nice, dumpy Philistine); and the Queen's annual honors list, made up by prime ministers, but including here and there one of Her Majesty's nannies or grooms, is a tingly affair, and recipients, whether deserving or not of the honor, get a little ginger in their lives. And, yes, gawkers from abroad contribute a lot of money to see the Changing of the Guard.

But what we may decently call the spiritual satisfaction is threatened now: the idea of the ideal. The notion, stirred up during the last century, of exemplary lives. Not saintly lives—we are not talking of King Francis of Assisi—but respectable lives. And these are in starkest contrast to the lives of those who now compose the House of Windsor. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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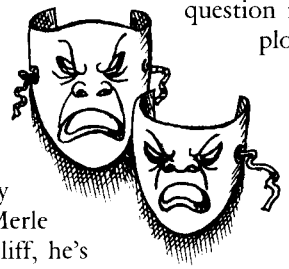
THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

BOB Dole's habit of referring to himself in the third person is having such a disconcerting effect on the primaries that they will have to be renamed the tertiaries if he doesn't cut it out. He sounds as if he really doesn't want to be President, he just wants Bob Dole to be President.

My nerves gave way during his post–New Hampshire news conference when he told supporters, "You're going to see the real Bob Dole from now on." I turned him off and surfed around for an old movie to take my mind off politics. Under normal conditions I never tire of *The Third Man*, but this time I skipped it. I finally settled on *Wuthering Heights* but my respite was brief. When Merle Oberon cried, "I *am* Heathcliff, he's more myself than I am!" all I could think of was Bob Dole.



Object to his age and he will say "Bob Dole is rested and ready." Call him a Washington insider and he will say "Bob Dole has been tested." During one particularly bad week in January when he had to counter speculation that his campaign was bringing forth Lazarus, he said: "I don't think people think Bob Dole is that bad."

Hearing him say these things on television can be either comical or irritating, depending upon your mood; seeing them in print accompanied by the reporter's attributives is positively eerie: "'We must reach out to more and more people, and Bob Dole can do that,' Dole said tonight."

I wait for the day when he objects to the verb that reporters routinely use in describing him. Then we'll read: "'Bob Dole doesn't snarl,' Dole snarled."

Welcome to the Doppelgänger school of American oratory. At the rate Dole is going, his rhetorical onanism soon will become so deeply embedded in the soil of American politics that Pat Buchanan will have yet another abomination to rip out "root and branch"—except that Buchanan has begun using the third person, too.

How long has Dole been doing this? A search of my files turned up a clipping from November 1992 in which he assured gloomy Republicans that Bill Clinton would not have a legislative honeymoon because: "Bob Dole is going to be his chaperone."

From what is known about speech habits, it probably started much earlier than a mere four years ago. This is a question for a serious scholar to explore. If Dole wins the nomination, Linda Bloodworth-Thomason can do a film biography to show at the GOP convention. After the sunny optimism she brought to *The Man from Hope*, she can demonstrate her versatility by producing *The Pronouning* in collaboration with Stephen King.

The camera pans over Russell, Kansas, following the candidate through his formative years . . .

To his mother: "Bob Dole's hungry."

To his father: "Can Bob Dole have a quarter?"

To his teachers: "Bob Dole didn't do it."

To nice girls: "Would you like to go to the picture show with Bob Dole?"

To bad girls: "If you did it with all those other guys, how come you won't do it with Bob Dole?"

Neither Dole nor his advisors seem to realize that referring to oneself in the third person has a dark history. Psychopaths are especially prone to it. When Lola Montez wanted to make an impression on King Ludwig of Bavaria, she burst into the royal presence, tore open her bodice, and cried, "Lola has come!"

Worse, it's undemocratic. Given the more-populist-than-thou desperation of Campaign '96, why would a politician risk a usage associated with absolute monarchs, dictators, and supreme egoists like Douglas MacArthur?

Maybe it's Dole's way of avoiding the dreaded "I" word—that is, "I," the selfish pronoun outlawed by the collectivist government in Ayn Rand's *Anthem*. When her hero escapes from the re-education camp he has to practice arduously before he is once again able to pronounce "I" properly, a therapy that may become necessary for Bob Dole.

Another possible explanation is a misreading of Middle America's favorite self-help book, *How to Win Friends and Influence People,* by Dale Carnegie. The author recommends repeating the name of the person to whom one is speaking, working it into the conversation as often as possible to serve the dual purpose of flattery and memory training: the listener gets to hear the sweet sound of his own name, and the speaker gets to remember what it is.

THIS is invaluable training for a politician, but repeating names year after year carries the same risk as singing "God Bless America" at Kiwanis luncheons year after year: if you hit the wrong note on the final *home* you automatically swing into another refrain, and then you can't stop. Fortunately, Elizabeth Dole works for the Red Cross. She'll know how to handle such emergencies if she becomes Third Lady.

Significantly, Dole not only uses the third person, but the Third-Person Diminutive. Now that Americans have exchanged the backslap of the first name for the verbal goose of the nickname as the ultimate sign of equality, he must take care to remind us that he no longer has a full, formal name. He would never say "Robert J. Dole is not imploding" because he knows that voters are threatened by aloofness. To reap the psychological value of his nickname he must say "Bob Dole is not imploding." This, so help me Tocqueville, is America's definition of a soothing statement.

Considering how rapidly language horrors spread in this country, the Third-Person Diminutive is likely to catch on, but before it gets carved in marble we should test it on a sampling of notables and listen carefully:

"Nat Hale only regrets that he has but one life to give for his country."

"Johnny Paul Jones has not yet begun to fight."

"It's a far, far better thing Sid Carton does than he has ever done."

"Here stands Marty Luther, he can do no other."

"*L'état, c'est Lou.*" □

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

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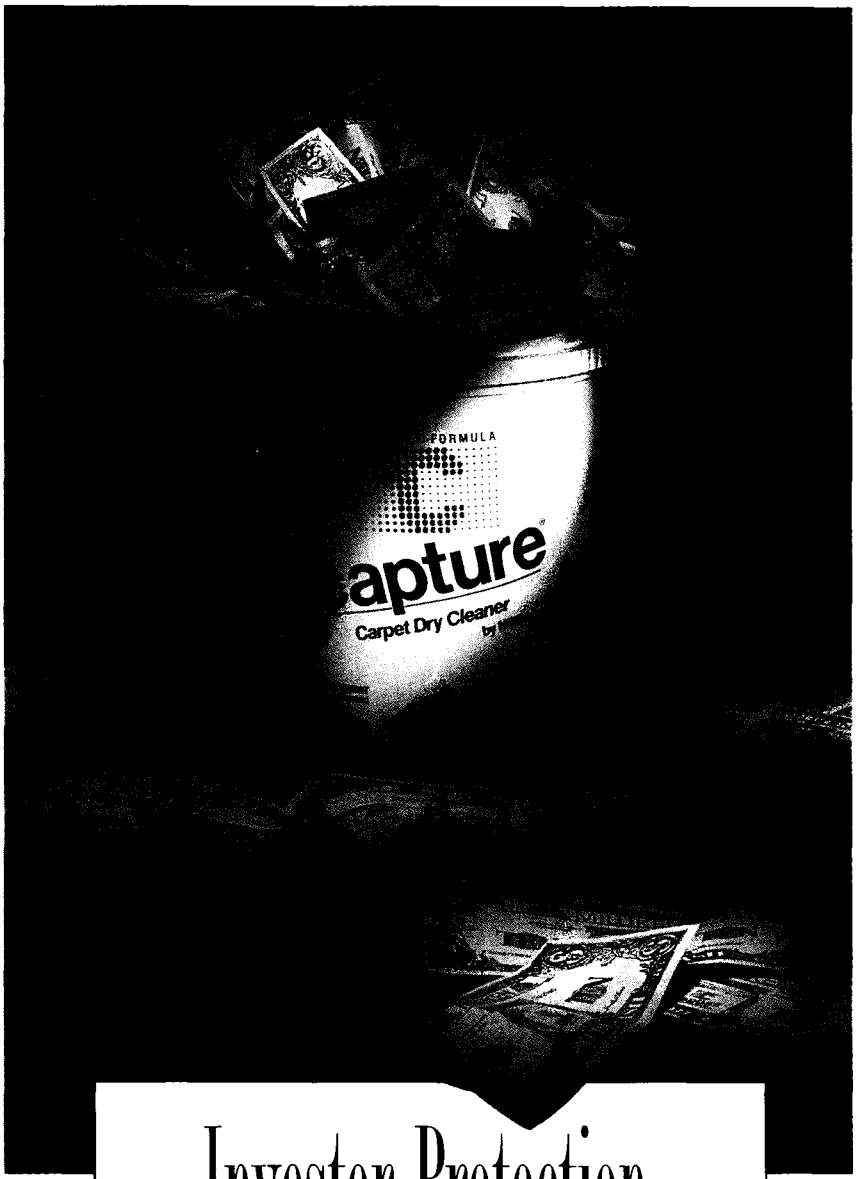

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